WALPOLES' IRISH LINENS

The finest the world produces.

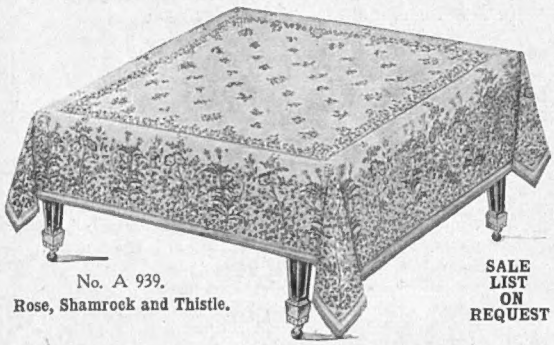
SUPPLIED DIRECT BY THE MANUFACTURERS

SALE NOW PROCEEDING

£10,000 worth of our Finest Quality Irish Hand-woven Double Damask Table Cloths and Napkins.

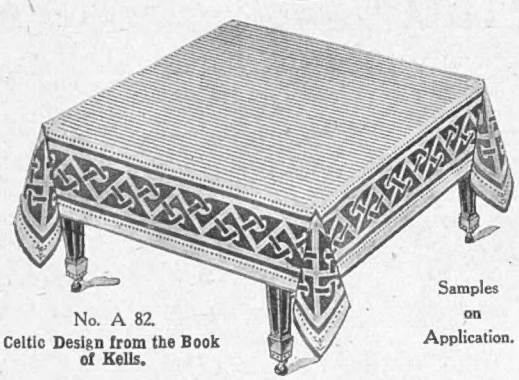
Owing to the War we are offering all designs in our "A" quality at unprecedented reductions.

THREE EXAMPLES ILLUSTRATED.



No. A 939.
Rose, Shamrock and Thistle.

SALE LIST ON REQUEST



No. A 82.
Celtic Design from the Book of Kells.

Samples on Application.

No. A 998.
Louis Quatorze, Basket of Flowers and Foliage.

"A" Quality.

Cloths.	Sale Price.	Cloths.	Sale Price.
2 by 2 yds.	29/6 each.	2½ by 3 yds,	58/- each.
2 ,, 2½ ,,	37/6 ,,	Breakfast Napkins	38/6 doz.
2 ,, 3 ,,	45/6 ,,		
2½ ,, 2½ ,,	49/- ,,	Dinner ,,	55/- ,,

Larger Sizes, Prices in Proportion.

WALPOLE BROS. LTD.

89 & 90 NEW BOND ST. W.

ALFRED WEBB MILES & CO.,

12, 10, 8, and 6, BROOK STREET, Hanover Square, LONDON, W.

BRITISH WARMS

HEAVY KHAKI SERGE (Lined Fleece) £3 3 0

TREBLE-MILLED KHAKI LAMBSWOOL (Lined Fleece) £3 15 0

HEAVY KHAKI SERGE FUR-LINED (Musquash) £8 8 0

FLEECE SLEEPING BAGS £2 15 0

CHROME LEATHER SLEEVE WAISTCOATS (Lined Flannel) £2 5 0

CHAMOIS LEATHER SLEEVE WAISTCOATS £1 12 6

KHAKI KNITTED WOOLLEN SLEEVE WAISTCOATS 18s. 6d.

THE ABOVE ARE SUITABLE AND ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS FOR SENDING TO OFFICERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

ON RECEIPT OF CHEQUE, HEIGHT AND CHEST MEASUREMENTS, ANY OF THE ABOVE WILL BE SENT, CARRIAGE PAID, TO THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, AND IF NOT SATISFACTORY MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

N.B.—ESTIMATES SENT ON APPLICATION FOR FULL SERVICE KITS.

Shoolbred's

OFFICERS' KHAKI CARDIGAN JACKET

(as Illustration)

in fine **all wool,** beautifully soft, warm, and comfortable. Medium weight.

19/6

Post to France, 1/- extra.

In 3 sizes—Small Men's. Men's, and Outsize.

Write for Field Service Uniform & Equipment List.

Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

Garrould's

To H.M. WAR OFFICE, H.M. COLONIAL OFFICE, INDIA OFFICE, ST. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION, BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY, LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, GUY'S HOSPITAL, &c.

HOSPITAL NURSES' SALOON.
Complete Equipment of Nurses for Home Detachments and the
SEAT OF WAR.
All Surgical Implements and Appliances in Stock.
Illustrated Catalogues of Nurses' Uniforms, &c., Post Free.

OFFICIAL UNIFORM OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY.

Made of good quality West of England Serge, **29/6.**
Also in fine Cravenette, especially suitable for warm climates, **31/6.**
(All Sizes in Stock.)

COAT AND SKIRT
All Wool Serge (for Winter wear). Tailor-made, **42/-** complete.
In Fine Coating Serge (for Warm Climates), **52/6** complete.

WHITE WASHING WALLETS.
In Cotton, **6d.** Linen, **1/-.**

BRITISH RED CROSS APRON
(as illustration), in stout linen-finished Cloth, **2/6** each.

BRITISH RED CROSS REGULATION OVERALL, in blue-grey cotton Cloth, **7/6** each.

Black Patent Leather Belt, to wear with Overall, 1½in., **1/3½** each.
Sleeves 8¾d. pair.
Collar (as illustration), **6¼**d. each.

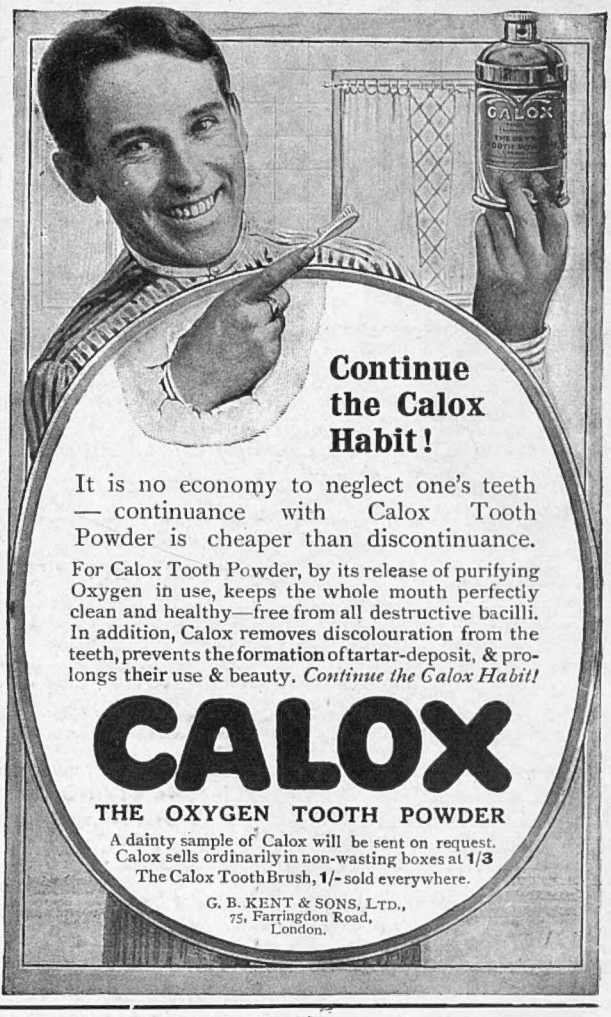
NEW REGULATION CAP (BRITISH RED CROSS).
Made of fine hemstitched Lawn, in two sizes.
27 by 18 / 28 by 19 **1/-** each.

BRITISH RED CROSS HAT,
made in best quality Navy Felt, **5/6** post free.
N.B.—When ordering please state whether for Officers or Rank and File.

OFFICIAL COAT FOR THE V.A.D. MEMBERS, ST. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.
In Special Grey Serge (for Winter wear), **25/6.**
To special measure, **28/6.**
In Black Cravenette for Warm Climates, **31/6.**
Official Hat in best quality Black Felt, post free, **6/11.**
V.A.D. ST.J.A.B. COAT AND SKIRT.
In Black Serge, **45/-** and **52/6.**

Write for Official Uniform Catalogue containing Illustrations and Particulars—POST FREE.

E. & R. GARROULD, Telegrams: "Garrould, London."
150 to 162, EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W.



Continue the Calox Habit!

It is no economy to neglect one's teeth — continuance with Calox Tooth Powder is cheaper than discontinuance.

For Calox Tooth Powder, by its release of purifying Oxygen in use, keeps the whole mouth perfectly clean and healthy—free from all destructive bacilli. In addition, Calox removes discolouration from the teeth, prevents the formation of tartar-deposit, & prolongs their use & beauty. *Continue the Calox Habit!*

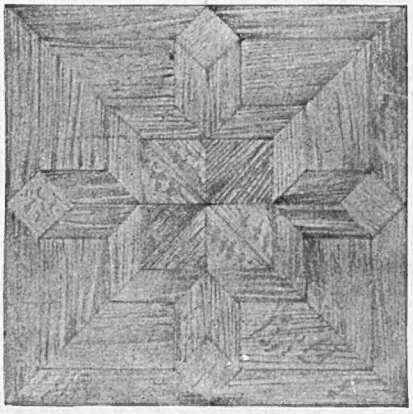
CALOX
THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER
A dainty sample of Calox will be sent on request.
Calox sells ordinarily in non-wasting boxes at **1/3**
The Calox Tooth Brush, **1/-** sold everywhere.
G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 75, Farringdon Road, London.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT.

HOWARD & SONS LD.

Easy Chairs and Furniture, Decorations, etc.

INDIAN TEAK PARQUET FOR FLOORS.



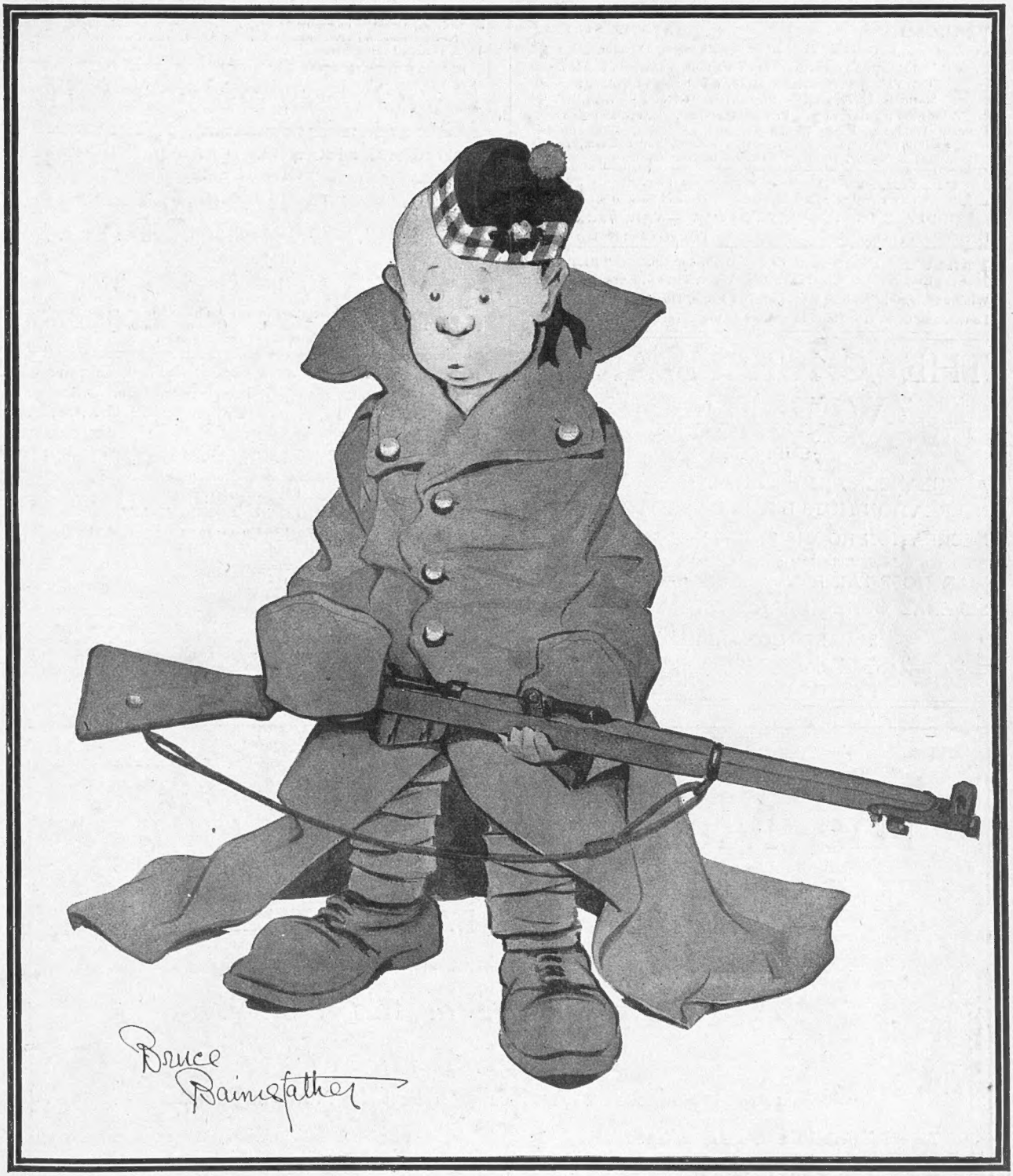
Best Indian Teak and Austrian Oak Parquet of own make, and guaranteed first quality materials and workmanship.

A large selection of EASY CHAIRS can be inspected at Howard & Sons' Showrooms, or a SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE will be sent on application.

25, 26 & 27, BERNERS ST., W.

The Bystander, January 5, 1916.—No. 631. Vol. XLIX

The BYSTANDER



WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT UNMARRIED MEN?

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "WATCH YOUR STEP."
Evenings, at 8.35. Matinée, Saturday at 2.15.
JOSEPH COYNE, DOROTHY MINTO, GROCK, TOM WALLS, Billie Carleton. At 8, Varieties and "Pastorale."

COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.
Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT in "Les Cathedrales," SEYMOUR HICKS and ISOBEL ELSOM in "THE BRIDAL SUITE," VESTA TILLEY, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN BALLET, etc. 7541 Ger.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m.
"JOY-LAND!" Entirely New Revue by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Shirley Kellogg, Edna Morgan, Harry Tate, Bertram Wallis, etc., and Super-Beauty Chorus. 'Phone: Ger. 650.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET.
CHARLES GULLIVER—Managing Director.
The best entertainment at the most comfortable Theatre in London.
Two Variety Performances Daily, 6 o'clock and 9 o'clock.
Matinées, Daily, 2.15. Pantomime "CINDERELLA."
Admission from 1s. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s. and £1 1s.
Bransby Williams, Harry Weldon, George Lashwood, Ella Shields, George Mozart, Maidie Scott, Ernest Hastings, Violet Essex, Ernie Mayne, Tambo & Tambo, The Four Ascots.

ADELPHI, Strand. A New Musical Play. TINA.
Every Evening, at 8. Matinees, Weds. and Sats. at 2.
GODFREY TEARLE—PHYLLIS DARE—W. H. BERRY.
Box Office, 10 to 10. Tels. 2645 and 8886 Gerrard.

DALY'S. The George Edwardes Production. "BETTY."
EVENINGS, at 8. MATINÉES, WED., THURS., SATS., at 2.
Winifred Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, Lauri de Frece, Donald Calthrop, C. M. Lowne, and G. P. HUNTLEY. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone, Gerrard 201.

THE CHURCH ARMY WAR FUND

SUPPORTS

AMBULANCE CARS at the Front.

RECREATION HUTS in British Camps at home and abroad.

RECREATION ROOMS for Sailors' and Soldiers' Wives in Garrison Towns.

WAR HOSPITAL in North France for Allied Wounded.

SEVERAL OTHER BRANCHES of War Work.

PLEASE CONTRIBUTE.

Cheques crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, Hon. Chief Secretary, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, London, W.

P & O and British India

Mail and Passenger Services.

Frequent and Regular Sailings from LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc.
Tickets Interchangeable.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA.

Australian Tickets of P & O and Oriental Lines are also interchangeable.

For particulars of PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL SAILINGS apply at the P & O Offices, 122, Leadenhall St., E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

For particulars of BRITISH INDIA SAILINGS apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 23, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; P & O West End Office, 17, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; or GELLATLEY, HANKEY & Co., Dock House, Billiter Street, E.C.

P & O Round-the-World Tours.
Handbook on Application.

COMFORT IN FRANCE. REALLY MODERATE CHARGES.

PAU. Hotel Continental. 100 Rooms.

POITIERS. Grand Hotel Du Palais. 70 Rooms.

NANTES. Central Hotel. 150 Rooms.

The above three hotels are newly built and offer every modern comfort and convenience. Lifts, Baths (Hot and Cold), Electric Light, Best Cuisine, Perfect Sanitation.

PARENTS assisted in choice of Schools in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hants, Berks. All information free. Address, "Register," Room 2, Victoria Station (S. E. & C. R.), S.W.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(*Incorporated under Royal Charter.*)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.

Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.

Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy, Canada, under 1½lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

By Universal Consent

The Most Humorous Pictures

of the War are those of

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER,

"The Bystander's" Artist at the Front.

A Weekly Feature of this Journal.

Special Notice.

Coloured Reproductions, Artistically Mounted, Now on Sale.

1.—No Possible Doubt Whatever.
2.—I'm sure they'll hear this thing squeaking.
3.—A Maxim Maxim.
4.—The Professional Instinct Again.
5.—That Evening Star-Shell.
6.—Where did that one go?

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH. Post Free, 1s. 3d.

APPLY, THE PUBLISHER, "THE BYSTANDER," TALLIS HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

NEW YEAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Greetings!

TO Readers in Trench, Camp, Ship, Train, and Hospital, New Year's Greeting, and hopes that the next New Year will see every one of them safe back home again.

***

"That Which We Call a Rose—"

This sentiment presumes the conclusion, between now and then, of something that is known as Peace. But it is more conventional not to use that particular word, which, by evil associations, smacks of sentimentality, charlatanism or intrigue. It is manlier and more British to say that one hopes that the next New Year will have "seen us through." Though it means much the same thing as to say that one hopes the next New Year will find us at peace, in this country one has to be so much more careful of words themselves than of their meanings. For instance, I see some papers are still busy proving that the putting into force of the Premier's single men pledge will still be Voluntarism!

***

The Great Question

As to how the end is to be brought about, you may search me! Yea, and not only me. You may search the Cabinet individually and collectively, the Allied General Staffs, and every soldier in the trenches. You may also search the Kaiser, the Imperial Chancellor, the Crown Prince, Hindenburg, Mackensen, Tirpitz, and any other High German alive. Wherever you search, you will nowhere find the answer to the Great Question. Each of the searched ones will profess the belief that at some time or another, or in some place, the other side will be smashed. But they would have told you that any day for the last fifteen months. They have been trying to secure the great smash ever since, but the end of the war, though it must be nearer, is no more visible than it has ever been.

***

The "Smash" That Never Comes Off

In modern warfare, it looks as though the "smashing" of an enemy is a mathematical impossibility. All defeats in this war have had the character of skilful retreats of armies intact. There have been no Waterloos, no Sedans. The Germans drove out the Belgians, but they have not smashed the Belgian Army or the Belgian nation. Nor the Serbian. They drove the Russians out of Poland, only to find them rallied as strongly as ever, on a safer line, in Holy Russia itself. They pressed back the Anglo-French as far as the Marne, but no farther, and the Allies, in return, pressed back the Boches as far as the Aisne, where they have stuck for fifteen months. When in a really tight corner, as were we ourselves in Gallipoli, we just withdraw, to call again on the Turk somewhere else, duly rested and refreshed.

The War Goes On—

According to all the rules of the Prussian war book, the Allies are beaten. But they don't admit it. Hence the war goes on. According to the laws of the Maudes and Persians, whose optimism changeth not, it is the Prussians who are beaten. Yet they go on fighting most unpleasantly well. According to the "attritionists," they are theoretically licked into pulp. Yet there they go on, sending new armies with new guns here, there, everywhere, and, though rather short of cotton, copper, butter, and such things at home, they seem to continue to lead their Hunnish national lives.

***

—But We Don't Discuss It

But our talk over here is not of the duration of the war. That is the topic only of the Super-Bore. We give up the war (while continuing, of course, relentlessly to wage it), and dig ourselves into the livelier, warmer, and cosier trenches of home politics. Actually, in this, the seventeenth month of the war, we find ourselves discussing for all we are variously worth the topic of—Compulsory Service! Not for the whole nation; only for that portion of it which is young and "single."

***

After Seventeen Months

Seventeen months have at last brought us to the consideration of whether a sort of a Bill might not be drafted (at about fifty Cabinet Councils) and laid diffidently on the table of the House, to be read, and re-read, and sent to Committee and Report, and to the Lords, and back again to the Commons, and to the King, and then—perhaps, who knows—actually put into force! With what effect? Why, that some two hundred thousand young men may be compelled to do unwillingly what a million or so of them did willingly, that is, give in their names to the Recruiting Authorities, to be called up if and when they are wanted, exactly as they would have done if they had "volunteered."

***

The Most That "Calling Up" Can Achieve

Under the Derby scheme, by January the twentieth the first four classes will have been called to the colours. I don't know the numbers, but suppose there will be, after compulsion, some two millions on the Derby books, of which fifteen hundred thousand are eligible. There being forty-six classes would mean that each class averaged thirty-two thousand and some "d——d decimals." Four classes (called up on the 20th inst.) means the addition of a little over 125,000 men. Six months is the minimum time given for training. By August next, the first 125,000 "Derbies," called up in January, will be in the field. Assume the continued calling up of the same number per month, we shall have a trained army of a million

(*Continued on page 6*)

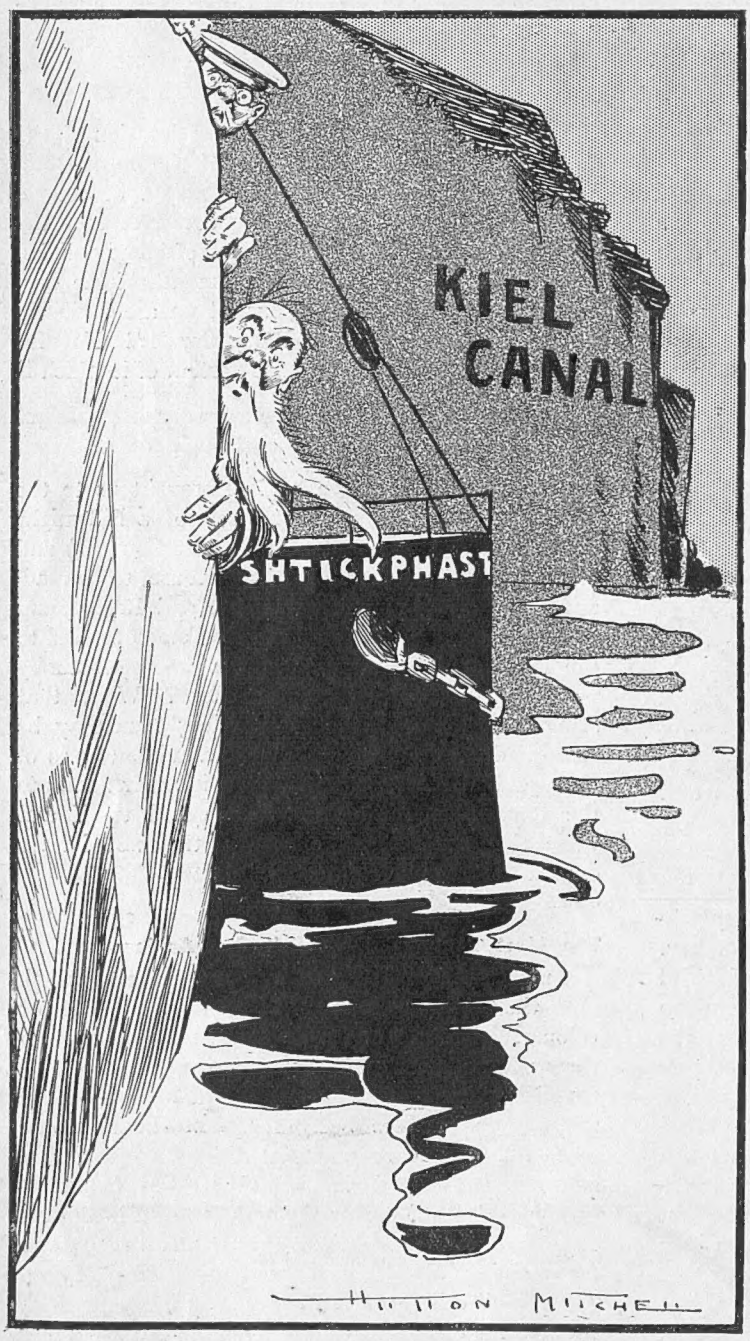
NEW YEAR COMMENTS (continued from page 5)

" Derbies " in the field eight and a half months from August next, that is, by the middle of April, 1917.

***

Is It Good Enough ?

Now, after the most frantic attempts to be an optimist, I find it quite impossible to see how the addition of a million somewhat inadequately trained British civilian soldiers by April of next year will have a decisive effect on the great European War. Are our statisticians quite sure that the Austro-German-Turco-Bulgars will not be able to send to Plug Street, or its equivalent on the eastern or southern fronts, an equal number of new soldiers, at least as fitted morally and physically for war as are even our own " Derbies " ? It being proved that man is pretty well equal to man in modern trench warfare, does the prospect not seem one of prolonged stalemate, with equal distribution of losses between all the belligerents ?



" Tirpitz and his brave men searched the North Sea for signs of the British Fleet."—*Berlin Wireless Message.*

Words Not Deeds

The sinking of the *Persia*—coming on top of the loss of the cruiser *Natal*—reproduced the sensation of last New Year's Day, which lost us the *Formidable*, without the compensating joy this year of a successful battle off the Dogger Bank. There is one annoyance the newspapers might have spared the bereaved public, and that was the allusion to President Wilson's " prostration." We have great respect for President Wilson personally, but the mental state of the American President on hearing the news of the sinking of passenger ships is of pathologic rather than political interest. It conveys to nobody in Europe any promise of deeds : only of more words.

***

Limited or Unlimited ?

The week will probably see the collapse of the Cabinet. It is not conscription itself that is the tug-of-war between the moderates and the Northcliffites, but the whole question of the size of our Armies. On the side of the " limited army " are not only Messrs. McKenna and Runciman (with attendant Harcourts, Birrells, McKinnon Woods, Buckmasters, Crewes, etc.), but Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey. An unlimited army spells unlimited militarism. It give the " gamblers " unlimited human coin with which to play in an unlimited number of casinos. The solid element in the British public wants not gambles, but straight business, transacted in the sight of man in the proper place—*i.e.*, the trenches of France and Flanders, the frontiers of India and Egypt, and the shores of the United Kingdom.

***

Likely Resignations

If there are resignations, they are more likely to be on the part of the Lloyd George-Curzon-Selborne party, with Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Churchill, and others in the background. That the Tory party will stand for Mr. George in the leadership I strongly doubt—especially after the unreported things that happened at Glasgow on Christmas Day. Mr. Law's position is a mystery. But *he* has the confidence of the rank-and-file of his party —and incidentally, for what it is worth, of THE BYSTANDER.

***

" Encouragement " for the Volunteers

" All members of Volunteer Corps who have attested under Lord Derby's scheme will in future wear the 'G.R.' armlet on the left arm and the Derby armlet on the right." So reads the latest order to Volunteer Corps. I do not know the name of the genius who is responsible for this brain wave, but if the suggestion is worth anything to him he might, perhaps, design something in the way of—say—a pale blue five-inch brassard for use on the Volunteers' puttees in order further to brighten their uniform. The " G.R." brassard indicates that a man has *not* attested, the Derby armlet shows he *has*.

(*Continued on page 8*)

Taking "The Cure" at Lucerne

Prince Von Bülow, attended by twelve secretaries, is at present staying at Lucerne for his "health"

"Is that you, Asquith? No? Briand! Oh, well, it doesn't matter. Yes, quite well, thanks! Wonderful place, Lucerne, at this time of year. Er—um—by the way——"
(conversation cut off)

NEW YEAR COMMENTS (*concluded from page 6*)

A Criticism from the Front

A reader from the Front (who tells me he has had the greatest pleasure from THE BYSTANDER, "which, after enduring the senseless optimism of the average British newspaper, comes as a welcome relief, and attempts to reveal the common sense of the situation") thinks I go beyond the limits in my strictures on British Generals in general.

Generalship

***

"While there are many of the old dug-out class who have failed badly under the great demands of modern warfare, it is my humble opinion that a number of our younger Generals are fully equal in ability to anything that either our foes or past history can produce." He cites as examples of "young" generalship the withdrawal from Suvla (hear, hear), Haig's work at Landrecies during the retreat to the Marne and on the Aisne, Smith-Dorrien's and Allenby's cavalry work. He also urges that it is quite wrong to suppose that no Generals have been Stellenbosched. "One mistake, however slight, is punished by removal. As a scientific soldier I would rather have our present run of Generals, such as Haig, Allenby, Monro, Kiggell, and Keir than any of the Germans'."

***

Those Colourless Despatches

My correspondent knows far more about the matter than I, and I am exceedingly glad to put his views on record. Possibly such conspicuous failures in generalship as Neuve Chapelle, Loos, and Suvla have overshadowed the successes, and the fault is, no doubt, the infrequent publication of despatches, and, when published, their stinginess in awarding either praise or blame where due.

***

A Brain Wave

If a General Election is to be taken, there seems a simple enough way of getting over that difficulty of the absentee voters at the Front. Why not declare each of the various fronts an electoral area within the meaning of the Act and let them elect their own members hot from the trenches? Thus, Flanders and Northern France might be constituted counties, and members elected for the various divisions. The member for the Ypres Division of Flanders: "My hon. and gallant friend, the Member for Plug Street," what?

***

"Front" Benchers

There would also be the Salonica division of Macedonia, the Cape Helles division of Gallipoli, the Kut division of Mesopotamia, each sending Members back to "Blightie" according to their respective views on the situation.

***

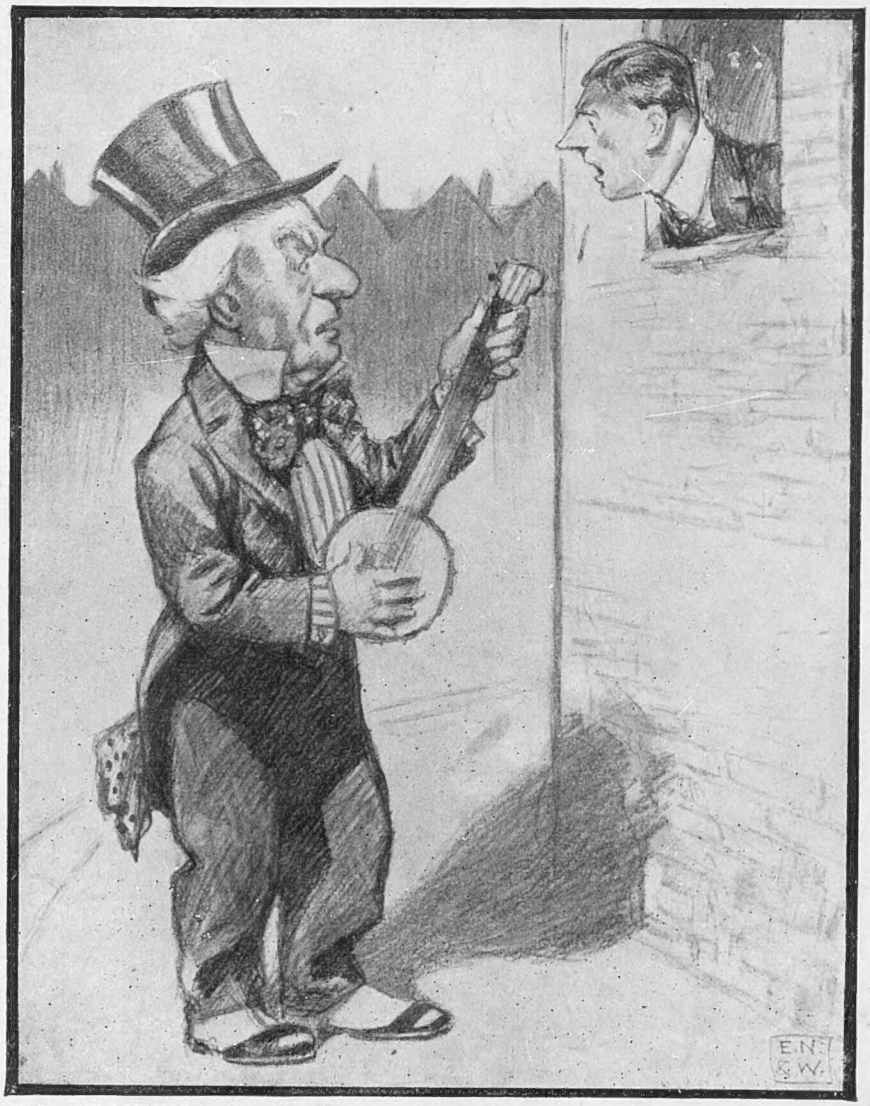
A Simple Issue

Plural voting might be abolished for elections at the Front. It may seem ridiculous to suggest that a voter could possibly be in more than one division at the same time, but one never knows what feats of quick transit might not be affected by a "Jack Johnson." One can imagine the whole electorate of one division becoming plural voters by being suddenly blown into the next. If Conscription were the chief issue, the election would be a simple enough matter. Voters *against* it would be so rare as to render the task of counting very simple.

Why Only Single Men?

BY "DOWNWRITER"

AS a "Darby" myself, possessed of a Joan and a series of Joanettes, circumstance makes me an enthusiast for the Compulsion decision of H.M. Government. Willing to go when called up,



MR. ASQUITH (singing): "You made me fetch you—I didn't want to do it"

like my fellow "Darbies," I attested on the Asquith pledge, and want to see it kept. But being a "Darby" doesn't altogether disestablish and disendow one's sense of what's right and what's wrong in the interests of one's beloved country. Therefore, as a writer in THE BYSTANDER and not as a "Darby," I find something that is badly incomplete in the Single Men First obsession.

—•••—

My beloved country wants more men. Having taken unto herself the rank of a first-class military, as well as the first-class naval, commercial, and financial Power, there is no limit set to the demand for demd damp, moist unpleasant bodies wherewith to fill the trenches of Flanders, France, Macedonia, Gallipoli, etc, etc., and to form targets for bullets, shells, poison gas, and other of the weapons of advanced Christian civilisation.

—•••—

By calling on the whole manhood of the nation between the ages of nineteen and forty to enrol, my beloved country has made it perfectly clear that she wants the said bodies in bulk and not in detail, and only desires to keep at home such of them as possess pairs of hands that may be employed on the making of the wherewithal to destroy the bodies of the enemy. Some hundreds of thousands of bodies have failed to ambulate towards the recruiting offices. About half of these are "single" bodies. The carrying out of the Asquith pledge will compel these to fall into the ranks, and be attested and grouped along with the single and married bodies who have "volunteered." Then we are supposed all to be happy.

—•••—

But what of the half a million or so of married bodies that have failed to signify *their* readiness to become duly dem'd damp, moist and unpleasant in their country's, and civilisation's, cause? Among these may be some of the finest, stoutest, and most ideally killable bodies in the land. Why should the fact that they, like myself, are married, but unattested, license them to forego the privilege of being shot, exploded, bayoneted, poisoned, or otherwise killed in their country's cause (and that of civilisation)? Why, when my group is called up, and I have "downed" the writings on which I partially depend for a living, should some married slacker "up" them, and draw *my* pay? In brief, if compulsion is to come, why exempt anybody at all, married or single, from its beneficent operations?

THE "COMPULSION" OF OUR "PROMISING" PREMIER

—•••—

When King David sounded the trumpet, "To your tents, oh Israel," he did not say "To your tents, oh single Israel." They all went to their tents, including David himself, who was anything but single. When the men of ancient Greece undertook a "legitimate gamble" somewhere near Gallipoli, in quest of one Trojan Helen, the married went along with the single, involving in one well-known case an absence for half a lifetime from the joys of home life. True, he enjoyed during his absence experiences of a varied nature quite out of the reach of a modern Ulysses, but the principle is the same. He was married, and he had to leave Penelope and go.

—•••—

In the name of the "Darbies" in the land, Armlets and the man I sing—married as well as single. Let them all be fetched. DOWNWRITER

"IN ENGL

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

London, *January* 3, 1916

Dear Cousin—

IN my time, anyway, I shouldn't think any New Year had ever dawned on such a fearfully *tense* feeling as there is in England now. For one thing, we really are just about fed-up to the brim with the wait-and-see ways of the political crowd, and when Parliament meets again this week it really looks—it's so full of steam—as if there might, after all, be a General Election.

* * *

About which no one seems able to make up their minds whether they want it or not. But anything's better, don't you think, than going on in your wicked ways just 'cos to put a stopper on them may hold things up a bit and add to the general horridness of everything in war-time. And, anyway, it's not regarded with the disapproval it was, you know—that swopping horses in mid-stream the old Victorians made one of their silly old proverbs about.

* * *

And as several things have simply got to happen soon—in several somewheres—the idea is that the sooner we clear decks here the better. An Augean effort, certainly, but a regular clean sweep generally works out best in the end, doesn't it? Besides which — well, it's *our* money, after all, that Downing Street's having such a topping long run with, and there are limits to that kind of pocket philanthropy. 'Specially when the results are so very poor, at the price.

* * *

Apart from the "political situation" (which, alas! like the poor, is nearly always with us), people are rather watching and waiting to see how they're going to turn out, and what they're going to do, and if they're going to do anything, all the new men who've been put into all the new war jobs—Haig, the new C.-in-C.; Sir William Robertson, the ranker Chief of Staff; Sir Archie Murray, who's running the job that perhaps we're thinking most about, the one down in Egypt, that keeps our highway to the East; and Smith-Dorrien, who (let's hope) is to write "*Finis*" on the book of the German in East Africa.

* * *

According to all accounts, too, now that Lord Kitchener's to be Secretary for War only and not a few dozen other things as well, Staff's going to be a good lot more in evidence than it has been since the great K. of K. ran everything—which ought to give the Brass Hats and Red Tabs a chance of getting back some of that popularity they seem to have rather mislaid just lately, oughtn't it? Though people write me from the Front that whatever our Staff do or don't do out there, they're, anyway, a lot busier over it than the French Staff.

"But now—there are no hunt balls even"

About K. of K., by the way, yes, I know they *say* he's going to get married, and—well, stranger things have happened, after all. But I shouldn't put your money on it, not in war-time and with the taxes going up like the tuppences on a taxi.

* * *

Chance of a lifetime, of course, ranker Robertson's got, hasn't he? And with just a little luck I can see him soon the apple of the public's eye—it does so dearly love a touch of romance about its idols, 'specially when he's "one of them." And even when he's the most unromantic kind imaginable really, there's always a sort of a glamour, isn't there, about the man who all by himself, through some mysterious quality or other, has risen from the bottom to the top?

* * *

Not the same thing at all, of course, when a woman does it. Because, naturally, when *she* gets up like that it's always 'cos some man or other's dragged her there, or just because she's beautiful. There aren't any male Lady Hamilton's, are there? Though there have been cases, of course—and they've even been in this war of wars—where petticoat influence got a General his job because he was so awfully good-looking.

* * *

So, perhaps, it's a good thing that women on the whole aren't susceptible to mere beauty—hardly do, would it, if women adopted the typical masculine "Oh, what a tiny, teeny, tawny, tasty, tiddly tad!" attitude whenever a nice-looking man crossed her vision? With the lords of creation, as every woman knows, a pretty face goes the longest way of all, it's something *plus fort que lui*, and as someone's said somewhere, he bends as readily to beauty as a flower sways on the wind, or the sea to the touch of the moon.

* * *

As for us—oh, we're *quite* used to it. Every woman knows a man's a child at heart—or ought to if she's any perspicacity at all. And we'd almost rather be called pretty than clever, 'specially when we're neither. I knew a man once who got on splendidly in every corner of every country in the world, though he only knew one sentence in each language. It was, "You're a pretty girl. Give me a kiss!"

"AND-NOW!"

TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

Talking of travels, we've come a long way, haven't we, we women, I mean, since the days when we sat at the feet of the stronger sex and "wept with delight when he spoke a kind word or trembled with fear at his frown"? No need to warn anyone now to

"Beware, sweet maid, of those who come to thee
And say they seek their soul's affinity,
When all they really seek, the base espousers,
Is someone to sew buttons on their trousers."

* * *

To return, though, to London, now, if we are a little anxious and not quite happy about things in general and how they're running the war in particular—I really can't say there's very much downheartedness about even now, except, of course, in those places where the war's come home in the cruellest way of all and the light of the world's gone out. There were a good many big houses where no flag flew these holidays and still more small ones where instead of smiles and happy gatherings there were loneliness and tears.

* * *

The rest, though, kept their spirits up bravely, plenty of high living and low thinking and all that sort of real-Christmas-atmosphere, you know. And spite of all the economy precepts and the perfectly fearful price of everything to eat, I've not met many who fed off rabbit instead of turkey, or drank to absent friends in *aqua pura* either on Christmas Day.

"The young women of the working classes take stalls or boxes for the play and the pictures, and think nothing of asking Officers of the New Army to come along as their guests"

"One of my soldier correspondents writes that we do seem to tie a lot of stuff round our necks now"

Casualty lists, our dreadful daily war-time portion, never stopped coming in, but there were gala New Year dinners at the restaurants, some thirty "productions as usual" at the theatres on Boxing Day, with queues much longer than they've ever been at the recruiting offices, and Mr. George Graves, priceless as ever, as a perfectly delightful democratic duchess in *Puss in Boots* at the Lane, giving as good as she takes with the tweeny and the cook, and saying things we sometimes pretend we haven't quite caught, and Mr. Will Evans as her ducal husband, who wallowed in wassail and massaged the typewriter.

* * *

And the New Year Honours List, of course, left a lot of people out who thought they'd be sure to be in, and racing started again—quite vigorously, considering. And the sales have begun at the shops—they're the snaky seductive snare, you know, that traps us into buying all the things we really and truly might at a pinch, p'raps, do without in war-time.

* * *

Up in the North there's such prosperity that at the theatres it's the best seats that are filled and the cheapest left empty, while the young women of the working-classes who now "conduct" the trams and 'buses take stalls and boxes for the play and the pictures, and—so one who's been invited tells me—think nothing of asking officers of the New Army they'd never seen before to come along as their guests!

* * *

Really almost time the Government or someone started taking Labour in hand and sitting on its head, don't you think so? Horrid idea, I think, the Government of a great country going in such mortal terror of a few workmen that it's afraid to do

(*Continued on page 12*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 11)

half the things it ought to do in war-time—rather drastic things, perhaps, but war *is* a drastic business, or ought to be if we're to make any sort of success of it.

* * *

Some of the naval people at the land end, by the way, seem to be getting a bit depressed just now. I was awfully startled a day or two ago to find one of them, the breeziest optimist up to now, beginning to waver and shake his head over stories of staleness in the Fleet and a First Lord who thought more of building up the mercantile marine—for "after the war"—than for the Navy. But p'raps he was pulling my leg—I'm sure I hope so. All the sailormen who are in the middle of it—a lot more lovely cards the dear things have sent me, by the way, and so did the soldiers, too—write and tell me affectionately not to worry, and that everything's going well everywhere.

* * *

One of them—this one's mine "to a cinder," and calls me "Blanche my pippin"—says he's shot wolf and red deer with the Serbs in days gone by on the mountains west of Ghevgeli. Fine brigands, he calls them. Fifty of them, *all armed*, came out to "beat" for him and their chief, and "I never knew when *I* was going to be put into the bag."

* * *

A footslogger of the 60th Rifles, who says I've whiled away for them many painful hours "whilst Fritz is trying to put the wind up us by *strafing* everything within reach," writes that he can hardly believe what I said about some gunners over there being billeted in real brick houses and sleeping in beds with real sheets, which reminds him of dear old Blightie, but of nothing out at the Front.

* * *

They're occupying at present the most palatial residence they've been in for nine months—"a wooden hut, 18 by 12, with a leaky roof, in which eight of us eat, sleep, and read THE BYSTANDER. You approach this saucy rest-billet doing a sort of a fox-trot along duck walks, and the penalty is mud up to your knees if you happen to slip off it."

* * *

Apropos I rather like that last little story about a camp over here which suggests they haven't got the monopoly of mud even in Flanders. A certain C.O. mysteriously disappeared. For days the battalion searched and searched for him, and at last they found him—all that was left. They'd trodden him into the mud during a night-march, and no one'd noticed nuffing.

* * *

One of my soldier correspondents writes about *us* that we do seem to be tying a lot of stuff round our necks now. "Suppose it's to guard against the colds you ought to have caught last year." Which reminds me of some of our war widows. As Mr. Bert Coote remarks in that quite charming little new revue at the Playhouse, *Samples*—"A bit nimble, is not she?"

* * *

Talk about studies in black and white! And all of the most ethereal and transparent, and all flying and floating along on the slimmest and spindliest of black silk ankles *ad lib.* . . . Not much left of the heavy, dusty, dragging, ageing weeds that Victoria the Good trailed around for half a century or thereabouts. Fact is there's such a cult for beauty nowadays, you know, that nothing in heaven or earth, not even a cold in your head, justifies any of us looking ugly if they can possibly manage not to.

* * *

And apropos, *what* a deadly prospect, isn't it, for the mothers of 1916 *débutantes* daughters? In normal times, at this season of the year, what a round of balls and parties and dinners and dancing teas and all the rest of it. And all with one object only—so that youth may meet youth and marry it. But now—there are no hunt balls even. The maidens sit about in mournful rows. Than this war was there *ever* a better *embuscade* for that blot upon creation—the confirmed bachelor?

Yours
Blanche

Photograph] TO MARRY THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S HEIR [*Vevonde*

Miss Kathleen Tennant, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tennant, of Innes House, Morayshire, and niece of the Premier and of Lord Glenconner, who is engaged to be married to the Marquis of Granby, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland

Quite Like Old Times

A STAGE AND PEERAGE WEDDING IN WAR-TIME

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

THE HON. MRS. ROWLAND WINN

Formerly Miss Evie Carew, a member of the chorus at Daly's Theatre where she has appeared in "Betty." Her marriage with the Hon. Rowland George Winn, the eldest son of Lord and Lady St. Oswald took place at Paddington on October 29, but was kept secret until last week. The bridegroom, who is in the Coldstream Guards, is twenty-two years old, and the bride twenty-three

"SLACKERS IN KHAKI"

A NOTE ON HOME DEFENCE

A Correspondent takes us to task for our recent appeal to Viscount French to "make Home Defence popular."

"I think it is perfectly disgraceful at the present moment the way the stay-at-home soldier is able to disguise himself in khaki so that you cannot tell him from the men who have volunteered for the Front, and we want no more of this sort of thing. Surely with the fleet in the foreground the Home Defence Army ought to consist of recruits in training to take their places at the Front as soon as they are ready. Others who have done their bit should be brought home for a rest, and the actual stay-at-home soldier should be told that his services are no longer required, and that he is a useless expense to the community."

—•••—

Our correspondent is quite right in his strictures on the "Home Defence" Territorial of the type who refused at the outset, and still refuses, to take his chance at the Front. There are thousands of these "slackers in khaki," and we quite agree that they ought, in some visible way, to be distinguished from their fellows who have obeyed their country's call to risk their lives abroad. What we do not agree with is a general attitude of "pooh-pooh" towards Home Defence in itself. That the danger of invasion is not a serious one, with the Navy where it is, is true enough. But if there is any danger at all, either now or in the near or ultimate future, of an invasion, then to have our Home Defence forces consist of either inexperienced or exhausted soldiers is surely an absurdity.

—•••—

As we blundered in being inadequately prepared to attack the Turks in Gallipoli and in Mesopotamia, and as we appear to be none too well prepared to resist them in Egypt, it ought to be a matter of vital concern that we be not unprepared to meet the immeasurably worse contingency of an invasion of our homeland. To look on a member of a Home Defence Force as an object of disdain is just as ill-judged as to jeer at the garrisons of India and the East Indies, who are engaged in preventing any attempts to overthrow us in the east.

—•••—

The very presence of adequate and well-organised and well-trained troops in our own possessions is a preventive against the likelihood of enemy attack. So would their presence in adequate numbers at home restrain the enemy from even dreaming of such a thing as "Hindenburg in London." It is, therefore, vital to us that our Home Defence Army is a serious army, with serious duties, and a serious conception of what it will do in any and all possible emergencies. Even were the enemy to *attempt* a raid, the confusion which would be caused to our whole military position would be fatal if we were lacking in a definite scheme to deal with it, and the idea that the men who would take their positions on the British "front" should be raw recruits, dug-outs, or invalids is quite a false one. These men must be real soldiers, properly generaled and staffed, so that any raid, small or large, would be immediately rendered abortive, and those who attempted it sent back with a flea in their ears.

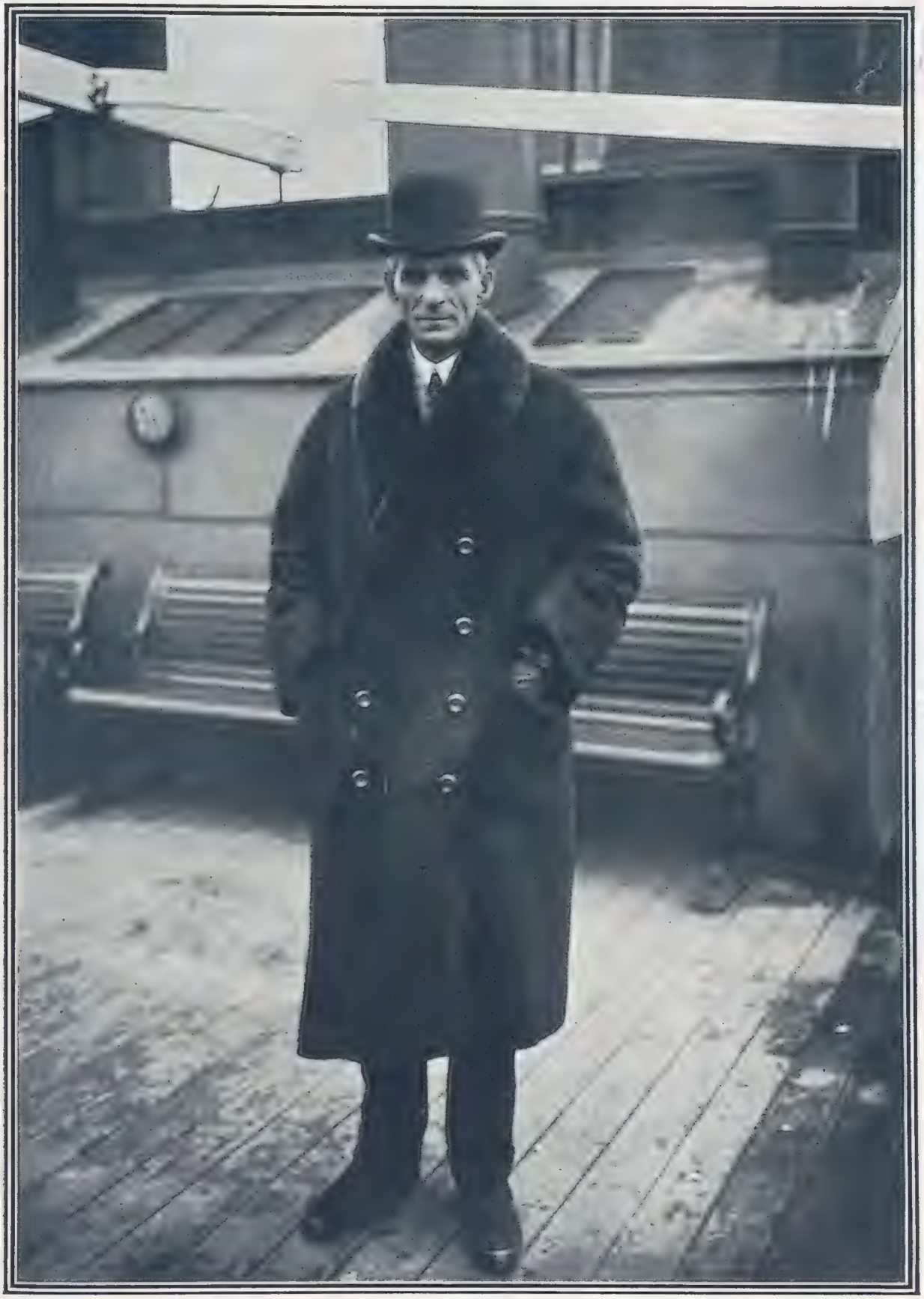
—•••—

We, therefore, reiterate our expression of hope that Viscount French will keep "Home Defence" well before the mind of the Government and the people, and, if invaded, that his first action on British soil will not be a Mons, but a Marne; a trap laid for, and not by, the enemy. At the same time, we are as emphatic as is our correspondent in the belief that the decision as to who shall serve at home and who abroad should lie with the General Staff and not with the individual soldier himself.

BUILDING A TOWER OF BABEL

With cases of biscuits for the British Army at Salonica

But He Meant Well



MR. HENRY FORD

Photographed aboard the "Peace Ark" (ss. "Oscar II."), at Christiania. His mission was a fiasco. But one day, Peace will be concluded, and Mr. Ford will figure less as an unpractical altruist than as a very practical advertiser

Things that don't Matter

BY "QUIDNUNC"

"THE only war motto I believe in is 'Push and Go,'" murmured the General. "I do the pushing and I take jolly good care that half a dozen silly devils go. Someone tried to push me once—but——!"

* * *

He was a cheery subaltern, and rejoiced in the name of "Tubbie." After three months flying in Flanders he was home on leave, and his old uncle made a great fuss of him. "I've got three days tip-top shooting for you," he said exultantly. But "Tubbie" shook his head. "Oh, no—not for me, thanks," he blurted with decision. "I've not the heart for it. I've been the blooming bird myself."

* * *

Is it really worth while making New Year resolutions? I think not, but I fear that my views are not generally shared. Lord Northcliffe, for instance, is understood to have promised that never during 1916 shall the *Mail* claim credit for *anything*—even when no credit is due.

* * *

There is, however, a new fashion in New Year resolutions which is decidedly pleasing. Personal habits of life are to be left undisturbed. It is little annoyances of speech that are to be curbed. To ask "When will the war be over?" is to be deemed so outrageously *outré* that it will justify (*a*) divorce, (*b*) expulsion from a club, or (*c*) compulsory marriage to a mute. Any reference to "The Russian Steam-Roller" or "The German Famine" is to be punished by a compulsory post on the staff of the *Daily News* (Cocoa-Tasting Department).

* * *

Are we to have a General Election in 1916? That we are to be plagued with a Ministerial Crisis is certain. We have never been without one, and we really don't care whether we have one or not. Ministers don't care either. So why should *we* worry?

* * *

But there is a certain little Bill which must decide the duration of the life of Parliament. And the wicked Lords will determine the fate of that Bill. If they do not pass it the House of Commons dies this very month. And the Lords (God bless 'em) will only pass it on terms.

* * *

There you have it in a nutshell. Dear old "Wait and See" is up against it. The Lords have taken quite an intelligent interest in the war, and they have no very great confidence in poor Mr. Asquith. Also by a curious chance Lord Derby is in the Lords and K. of K. occasionally strolls in there, and there, too, will be found Viscount French.

"How be gettin' on in the Army, Jarge?"

"Oh, fine—I've bin promised my stripes, altho' I ain't got 'em yet"

"Ah, well. I s'pose Kitchener be very busy these days"

We were told quite recently—although it seems to be a century ago—that these same Lords were a pack of thieves. Now everyone knows that they are the fathers, uncles, and brothers of nice good fellows who have helped to write a new Story of Heroism with their blood. The Lords know a lot about the war and of what is needed if we really are to win it. And you may take it from your old "Quidnunc" that the Lords mean business. They hold Mr. Asquith and the petulant shifting good-for-nothing crowd of wobblers in a cleft-stick. Really, we are in for quite a merry time. Now mind—watch the Lords!

* * *

Frankly, I am all for a General Election, and so, I believe, are the Lords. *I want a General Election now, before some ingenious rascal invents new party cries.* I want a national election and a national House of Commons and a National Ideal, and some really National Energy. I may, of course, be absurdly wrong, but I feel that a Government that sent our lads to the Dardanelles—not to mention other escapades—does not inspire confidence at home or guarantee efficiency in the supreme moment of Empire destiny.

* * *

Here are some new titles for the Honours List. You will not find them there—but you might have done.

Duke of the Dardanelles and Earl of Antwerp, Viscount Casualty and Baron Swelled-Head of Downing Street.

Lord Smith of Smithereens in Ulster and Baron Boom of the (Press) Peerage of the United Kingdom. (*Not* the Harmsworth Edition).

Viscount Horatio of the Wiles.

Lord All's-Well-ograph (whether it is or not).

Earl "Quidnunc" of Quod.

* * *

I have just read the first issue of the Trench newspaper of the Irish Guards. It is witty to a degree and altogether precious. May I hope that our boys will supply their Uncles with copies of similar publications. Trench wit is a thing apart, and I keenly appreciate it. And in the trenches there seem to be no blue pencils and no stupid officials to insist on your being insipidly nice when you itch to be really naughty and natural.

* * *

It is *not* true that the Government have appointed Mr. Meyer, Dr. Clifford, and the Editor of the *Christian Herald* to be Censors of the Trench Press, so keep on writing what you want to, and send your pretty paper along to cheer up poor old "QUIDNUNC."

Ex Pede Herculem——

URCHEN (to Mick—just back from the trenches): "Shine, sir?"
MICK: "Away wid ye; would yez deproive me of me bit o' glory?"

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY OUR CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT

My Dear Bystander—

YOU will have read in the papers of the impromptu arrival of a British cargo ship on a sandbank in the neighbourhood of Ostend, the captain, unfortunately, in the darkness mistaking Ostend for X——, his legitimate port of call. It is said locally that a newly captured German prisoner has stated that, at the first approach, there were two distinct schools of German thought, one favouring the conviction that the vessel was none other than the peace ship of Mr. Henry Ford and the other that the craft must surely be the advance agent of an Allied landing expedition. However, it has all ended very happily, for the ship was soon refloated, notwithstanding the attentions of the Boches' aircraft, which bombed the salving operations with no little energy, one of the hostile machines, I am glad to say, being most successfully "huffed" in the process by a British pilot, the Taube, in a flaming condition, performing a perpendicular star turn dive into the bosom of the ocean from a height of 7,000 feet and disappearing entirely from human ken, a rare and refreshing entertainment for the cheering little throng of Flem spectators who were gathered on the foreshore.

* * *

While on the subject of the committal of errors it is interesting to note that the genial Hun, despite his many talents, is peculiarly prone to faulty orientation, most particularly in the air. Only last Wednesday there was the case of Otto Halkenbaum, who landed in a field behind the Allied lines under the firm impression that he was on the outskirts of Lille. The curious part about it was that not only did Otto and his pilot not have the faintest idea that they were in the Allied lines, but the old French peasant woman and her two small boys who saw them land were absolutely convinced that the men were English aviators!

Otto had enjoyed a most successful reconnaissance, he had written quite a book on some new French gun positions, a movement of troops, the headquarters of a kite balloon squadron, and had made some jolly little sketches of a railway junction; and as he came planing merrily down, radiant with the consciousness of good work done, Otto Halkenbaum waved a cheery greeting to the simple rustics on the ground. The small boys waved their caps in return, and piped "*Vivent les Anglais!*" in the falsetto tones of early youth. All smiles and *bonhomie*, Otto leapt from his machine, patted the small boys on the head, and said that he would like a nice hot cup of coffee as soon as ever it could be prepared. The hospitable old woman, delighted to greet *les Anglais*, responded with alacrity, and Otto and his pilot sat themselves down to a hearty repast of eggs and coffee.

* * *

One hour later Otto and Franz pushed the plates away with a sigh and rose heavily to their feet—"*C'est excellent, ça, Madame,*" said Otto cordially, "*et, maintenant quelle est la route la plus directe à Lille?*"

* * *

Accounts are at variance in depicting the effect produced upon Otto and his friend when comprehension came upon them. Some likened their condition to persons struck by lightning, others again declared that their appearance reminded them of patients convalescing from an aggravated attack of some distressing malady like *beri-beri*, or White Man's Horror. Be that as it may, all frightfulness had left them, and it proved the simplest matter in the world for the old woman and her son to act as gaolers what time little Raoul ran screaming for the neighbours.

* * *

One hears a lot about Red Tape and all that in the Army, but, then, it is a notorious fact that not a rose but has its thorn, and I feel sure that for kindly thoughtfulness and paternal solicitude for its individual units the British Army stands alone.

* * *

Thus, the day before yesterday I received a letter by despatch-rider. It read: "Your attention is particularly directed to Routine Order No. 1302. This for your information and guidance, please." Wild and joyful visions rose before my eyes. Could it be possible that our pay this year was going to be supplemented by a mince pie allowance or—priceless thought—perhaps there was a week's leave for all of us at Christmas?

* * *

I slept but little that night, and rose the next morning flushed and a little haggard to find that Routine Orders had just that moment arrived. I turned hurriedly to No. 1302 and read that—"There is no objection to the following being written on a postcard, 'A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.'"

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

"THE BYSTANDER" IN CAIRO

A snapshot taken at the Nasrieh School Military Hospital at Cairo by Sister M. Galt, who writes: "It occurred to me that you might like to have this photo, as the men gladly welcome 'The Bystander' in the hospitals in Egypt"

Humours from the Front—No. 32

SITUATION SHORTLY VACANT

In an old-established house in France an opening will shortly occur for a young man, with good prospects of getting a rise

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[Capt. Bairnsfather's sketches, of which thirty-two have now been published, appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.—ED.]

A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE BALKANS

Giving some idea of the difficult country through which our troops have to march

OUR ALLIES IN THE BALKANS

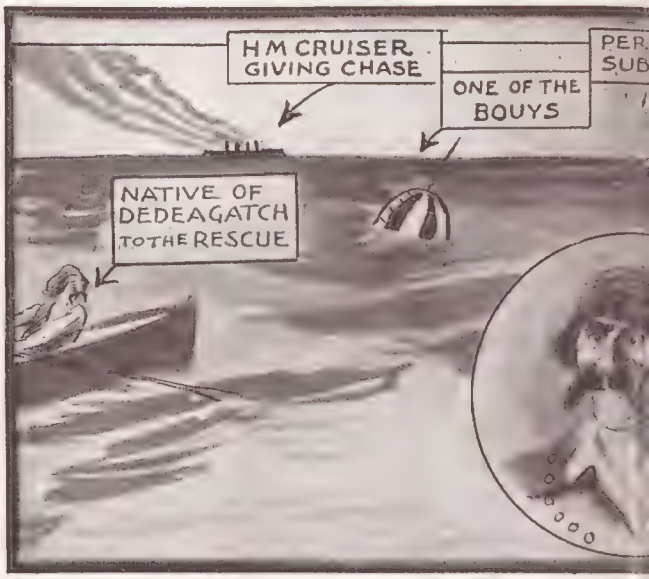
A French General leading his troops to the Front

Look out for our issue of the week after next

EXCLUSIVE TO "

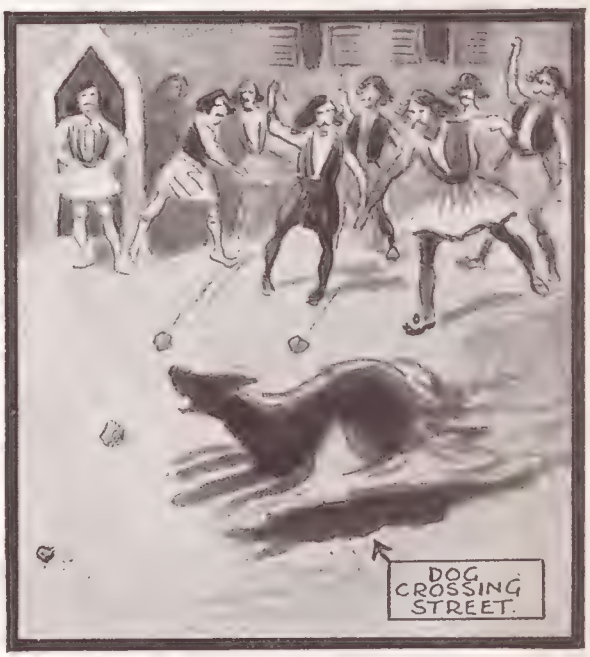
Photographs from Our Very O

[*With acknowledgments to*



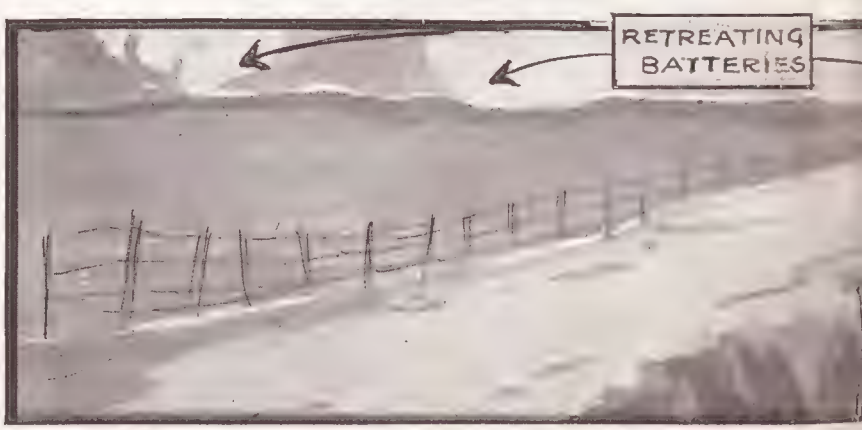
Transport torpedoed off Dedeagatch. Our photogra

KEEPING THEIR HANDS IN



Greek Highlanders practising bomb throwing

REMARKABLE VIEW OF EV



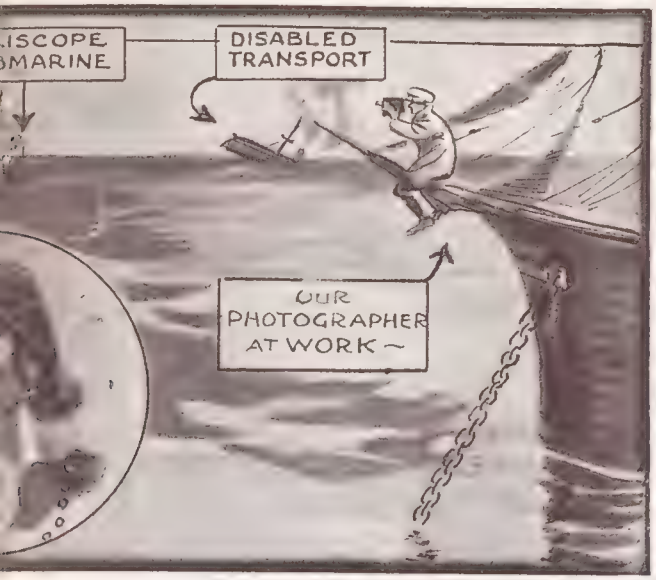
Somewhere in Macedonia. (We are not allo

No, we will not be outdone. We, too, will give our readers two pages of "exclusive photograph shottiness as those of the most enterprising of our daily contemporaries, and, what is even mo

THE BYSTANDER"

wn Photographer in the Balkans

our Daily Contemporaries]



pher on the spot. (Inset: Native of Dedeagátch)

CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT

Thoughts of England, Home and Beauty

ACUATED TRENCHES

ved to be more definite. Why?)

A PLEASANT INTERNATIONAL INTERLUDE

Greek women supplying fugitive Serbians with hot chestnuts

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Street in Strumnitza after Bulgarian bombardment

A UNIQUE SNAPSHOT

Fresh supply of Photos from the Balkans weekly

Photo of our Photographer photographing himself at the Front. (Inset: The Result)

s from the Balkans," which, we hope, will be recognised as just as full of sheer merit and snappy-
re important in these days of thrift, obtained at far less trouble and comparatively little expense

Shortage of Copper in Germany

AN ORIGINAL CARTOON BY A SERBIAN ARTIST

GERMAN SOLDIER: "If you please, Herr Major, I have here a man who has refused to give up his wife's saucepan for the Glory of the Empire"

BY FRANO ANGELI RADOVARIS

"Blightie"

A Playlet Without Unity or Place

BY A. B. HARROWER (CAPT. A.S.C.)

SCENE I.: *A Dug-Out in the 2nd Line Trenches, B.E.F., France.*

TIME: 4 *p.m.*

THREE Officers are sitting round a table; the table is an upturned biscuit-case. There is not room to stand upright. The walls are of clay about 4 feet high, and above that some eighteen inches of sandbag. The roof is of boards sagging slightly in the centre and indicating a considerable weight of turf and sandbag above them. The Officers are drinking tea out of tin mugs.

A tin of condensed milk with a hole in it out of which the sticky contents are oozing, a tin of jam and a loaf of ration bread and a tin of butter are the only table accessories besides a pewter teapot.

CAPTAIN EDGECOMBE (*laying down his cup noisily*): Of all the concentrated filth! Why the hell can't you make better tea, Ginger? And, isn't there a crock cup in the whole battalion? One comes in wet through, and all one gets is lukewarm mud and water in a red-hot iron crucible!

GINGER (*otherwise* Lieutenant Bankes, D.S.O., Bombing Officer, Nth Durham Light Infantry): Sorry, old dear, but Mac's servant broke the last one yesterday. Said he was washing it up when a piece of Crump took it right out of his hand. Liar!

CAPTAIN MACDERMOT (*otherwise* "Mac."): Good job it didn't take his hand too, because he isn't a bad fellow, really, and I couldn't bear having to break in a new man.

GINGER: No, I suppose not. It's too damned awful for anything, this weather, isn't it? (*indicating the open entrance to the dug-out through which the water is dripping steadily and making a large pool on the floor.*) It's going to be every bit as bad as last winter. There'll be a foot of water in this home of luxury before another twenty-four hours, I know.

CAPTAIN MACDERMOT: Some luxury, what? Flesh-pots of Egypt would be non-starters, wouldn't they? I almost wish they'd start a "push" here. A little excitement would be better than this muddy hanging-on business.

(*Captain Edgecombe has been sitting with his chin on his hand staring fixedly at nothing; he now sits up and leans back against the wall with his hands in his pockets.*)

EDGECOMBE: Trouble is, we all want some leave, you know, badly. When did you get your last, Ginger?

GINGER: Four months ago last Sunday—or thereabouts. I never can keep count of time out here. I've put in for some, you know, but H.Q. seems to have forgotten me.

EDGECOMBE: H'm. . . . Just think what we'd be doing now in dear old Blightie. Arm-chairs by the fire at the club, with china tea and toast and discussing where to dine and what we'd go to afterwards. Where would you dine, Mac.?

MAC. (*luxuriantly meditating*): Well, I think Oddy's seems to be indicated, don't you? And I should have *hors d'œuvres*, turtle soup, boiled salmon, fillet of beef, roast pheasant, peach melba, Scotch woodcock, Turkish coffee, and several Benedictines and Cognac Coronas. Wine—Cordon Rouge—1906. And after that I shouldn't care a damn where I went as long as I could smoke there.

GINGER: Mac., you blighter, you make my mouth water. I shall put up a notice here, "Members using this dug-out will kindly refrain from mentioning *menus* (good alliterative touch that, eh?), past, present, or future."

EDGECOMBE: Extraordinary thing, isn't it, how we longed to get out here when we were down at Bulford, and how we're all dying to get back again now? Dear old Blightie!

(*At this point there is noise literally like nothing on earth: the dug-out is filled with flying mud, water, sand, and broken timber; then the sound of voices outside, "Anybody hurt in there?"*)

EDGECOMBE (*struggling to his feet, his clothes torn and soaked with mud*): Don't know. D——d thing burst in the doorway. (*A Sergeant comes in.*)

SERGEANT: Are you all right, sir?

EDGECOMBE: Yes, thanks, I think so. (*Helps Bankes to his feet, who is a bit dazed*): All right, old man?

BANKES (*looking ruefully at his torn jacket*): Made a nice mess of my best Sunday go-to-meeting uniform. You all right, Mac.?

(*Captain Macdermot is seated in a corner blaspheming profusely.*)

MAC.: I think so. (*Tries to rise and sinks down again.*) The swines have messed up my leg a bit.

EDGECOMBE: Here, let's have a look. (*Kneels down and examines the leg, which is bleeding as profusely as its owner is blaspheming.*) Poor old man. It looks like a flesh wound, though. (*Turns to Sergeant.*) Stretcher up at once.

MAC.: Oh, no, man, I can walk. What the hell's the good of a stretcher?

EDGECOMBE: Lie quiet and don't be an ass. (*Takes out his field dressing and binds up the leg.*)

(*In a few minutes the stretcher arrives and Macdermot is carried down to the dressing station.*)

EDGECOMBE (*to Bankes*): Lucky devil, ain't he?

SCENE II.: *A Ward in the Officers' Flat of a Base Hospital.*

Captain Macdermot is sitting up in a bed near a window overlooking the sea. Outside in the immediate foreground are the hospital precincts with many tents and huts, and a path running along the edge of the cliff. One can trace the coast-line south-west towards Dieppe for about five miles. The Ward contains five beds, two of which are empty. Captain Macdermot is playing Patience in competition with Major Bagley, R.F.A., in the opposite bed.

CAPTAIN MACDERMOT: No, it won't go. I'm dished. If only I could get a red nine instead of this mouldy six I'd have gone out. Eighteen to chalk up.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

(*Continued on page 24*)

(*Continued from page 23*)

MAJOR BAGLEY: I'm dished, too. Turn up nothing but Kings and twos. (*They shuffle their packs and lean back against the pillows.*)

CAPTAIN MAC.: Bit quiet now, those two fellows have gone, isn't it? Wonder where they are now. I suppose one can't *see* the boat from this window, can one?

MAJOR BAGLEY: I don't know the course the Dieppe boats take. I should hardly think they come so close in-shore opposite this place.

CAPTAIN MAC.: No, I suppose not. Anyhow, old Evans and Carruthers are safely on their way to Blightie by this time. And a very nice day for it, too!

MAJOR BAGLEY: I wonder what they'll do with me. Do you think they'll send me over?

CAPTAIN MAC.: Oh, yes, I should think so. I'm afraid *I'm* getting too fit to stand a chance. It's back to the trenches for me, sir.

MAJOR BAGLEY: When's the next convoy due out?

CAPTAIN MAC.: In about three or four days' time. We shall probably get a convoy in to-morrow night, and those two beds filled up. Then they'll start another gentle evacuation, and you'll be on the heaving bosom of the Channel bound for good old Folkestone before you quite realise what's happening.

MAJOR BAGLEY: Think so? Well, I can honestly say I hope you're right. It's really no good going back before one's fit, is it?

CAPTAIN MAC.: No, rather not. Hullo, here's Sister. She's looking important this afternoon. What cheer, Sister!

SISTER BLIGH: Would you like the gramophone? I think it's about your turn. I'll get the orderly to bring it up, if you would.

CAPTAIN MAC.: Would we not? You may wager your last franc, Sister, that we would—*and some.*

SISTER BLIGH: All right. And I've got something to tell you. Major Bagley, Captain Macdermot, and Lieut. Headley are for the next convoy—cot-cases.

(*Lieut. Headley, who has been dozing, wakes up, rubs his eyes, and blinks.*)

LIEUT. HEADLEY: What's that, Sister? Say it again, would you mind? Methought it was but a beautiful dream.

SISTER BLIGH (*emphatically*): The three occupants of this ward are for the next convoy to England. Now then!

MAJOR BAGLEY, CAPTAIN MAC., LIEUT. HEADLEY: Hail, smiling morn, smiling morn! [*Exit Sister, laughing.*]

CAPTAIN MAC.: Now none of your classical muck this time, Headley. I'm going to manage the gramophone this afternoon, and I shall have "Who are you with to-night, to-night?" three times running!

SCENE III.: *Smoking-Room at 5, Manchester Square, W.; Captain Macdermot's Home.*

Three months have elapsed. Captain Macdermot enters, reading a letter. He has lost all his lameness and looks remarkably fit. He reads the letter through, standing on the hearthrug, then seats himself on the sofa, and meditatively fills a pipe. The door opens, disclosing the butler's figure. He announces—Lieut. Bankes, and then hands Captain Mac. a telegram.

CAPTAIN MAC.: Hullo! Ginger, old stick! How the devil have you got here?

LIEUT. BANKES: The shortest of short leaves, my boy—and back again to-morrow. But I thought I must look you up before I went.

CAPTAIN MAC.: Come along and have a smoke. (*Offering his cigarette-case.*) I'm jolly glad to see you. (*Throws the telegram down on a table unopened.*) All right, Smither (*to the butler*), tell the boy not to wait.

LIEUT. BANKES: Well, how's the leg?

CAPTAIN MAC.: Oh, right as rain. I could vault a five-barred gate. But how are things at good old Plug Street? I hear from Edgecombe there's likely to be a "push" before long.

LIEUT. BANKES: Oh, I shouldn't be surprised if something of the sort were to happen. After all, something's bound to happen soon. We haven't moved an inch, you know, since that afternoon when you got crocked. But I suppose you've been having the time of your life in town?

CAPTAIN MAC.: Well, yes, of course I've had a pretty good time—damned good time, in fact. But (*pausing*) —well, you know, I can't sleep nearly so well as I used to "in my little dug-out in the trench." I can't, really. And, somehow, one feels, you know, one ought to be back there. It's an extraordinary thing, you may think, but I actually *want* to get back!

LIEUT. BANKES: Good Lord!

CAPTAIN MAC.: Well, you wait, my lad, till you get a month in hospital in France and two months sick leave in England. You'd probably feel the same about it. I didn't think I should when I lay in bed at No. 3 and used to strain my eyes to try and catch a glimpse of the Isle of Wight—about eighty miles away! But now I want to get back again. And I suppose I'll get sent to the mouldy 3rd Line and train Derby recruits for the rest of my life!

LIEUT. BANKES: And not so dusty, either! But I think I understand your point of view. But you can't expect me to take up the same attitude after six days' leave and no more to come for "umpty" months.

CAPTAIN MAC.: No, I suppose not. Hullo! I'd quite forgotten that telegram. (*Opens it.*) Well I am damned; just look at that!

LIEUT. BANKES (*reads*): "You will report to Embarkation Officer, Folkestone, forthwith for duty over seas." Forthwith—that means twenty-four hours' grace, any old way.

CAPTAIN MAC.: Splendid! We'll go down together to-morrow. And what about Oddy's to-night, and that little *menu* we thought out, what?

"The Bystander's"
BAIRNSFATHER BOOK
"FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE,"
48 Pages of Screaming Comicality.
ON SALE SHORTLY. ORDER NOW.
ONE SHILLING NETT. POST FREE, 1/3.
THE PUBLISHER, "THE BYSTANDER," TALLIS HOUSE, E.C.

A Good Egg

THE COCK O' TH' NORTH (JUST OUT)

BY LAWSON WOOD

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

Item: One Pantomime; Item: One Revue

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"PUSS IN BOOTS" AT DRURY LANE

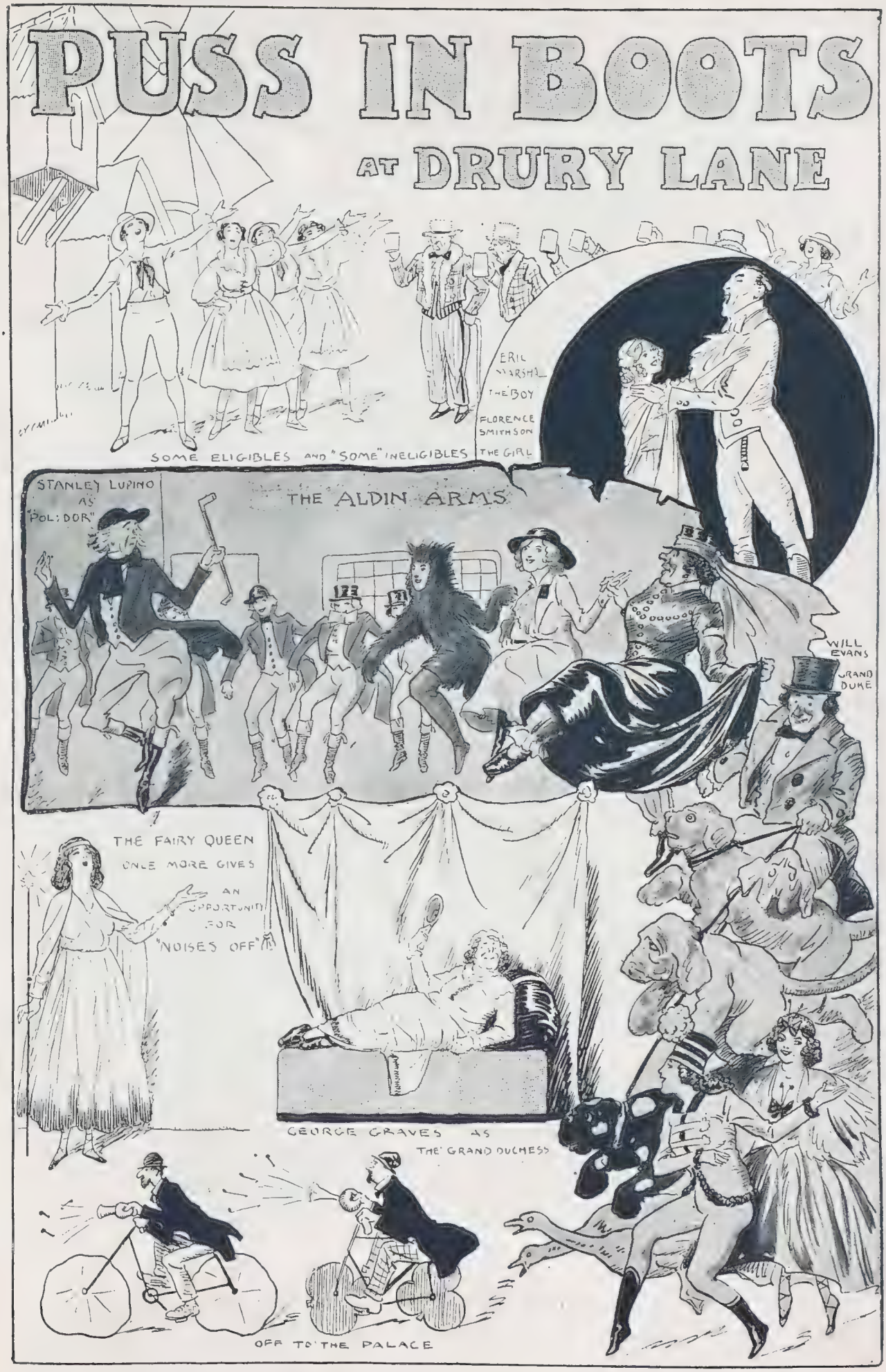
THE pantomime is, of course, the hardy annual at Drury Lane Theatre Royal, the subject being *Puss in Boots*. I suppose it is a sacred tradition which may not be altered that compels pantomime merchants to stick to the old nursery stories, in spite of the fact that the modern child seems to have outgrown that form of mental nutriment. What seemed quite astonishingly magical to us a generation ago is now merely a commonplace of the hour; or, perhaps, the dull dreary question of moral purpose has thrust itself upon the notice of the rising generation. Sindbad's wonderful flight on the back of a giant bird is a poor feat compared to what our aviators are doing every day in Flanders and France; while if the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves is not a direct incitement to the children to grow up and become successful receivers of stolen goods, what is it? The story of *Puss in Boots* is, of course, innocuous enough, though I can imagine sticklers for severe Sunday School morality raising their eyebrows at the spectacle of a young man who abandons his appointed task as a mill-hand and dresses in grand clothes that are not his, and assumes titles and estates to which, as far as he knows, he has no claim. But, then, there are some people who would pick holes in a Bird of Paradise!

A song that goes with a swing (ha, ha!) at the Hippodrome

Wanted: the Steward

In the old days, when writing of the Drury Lane pantomime, we used to say regularly of each production that it was better than the one that had preceded it. But as the years rolled by (I think this is the thirtieth Drury Lane pantomime I have "noticed") we began to realise that such a progressive rate of improvement must finally land us in the elusive fourth dimension; and so we came down to earth and talked common sense. The plain fact is that Mr. Arthur Collins has such a wide experience in the production of pantomime, and, apparently, such a long purse at his disposal, that it would be a miracle indeed if the annual show at Drury Lane could not fight all possible competitors with one hand tied behind it—to use a sportive metaphor of my extreme youth. There is nothing like the gorgeousness and beauty of a Drury Lane pantomime to be seen anywhere else; and this year Mr. Collins's motto has certainly been "Business as Usual." There are fairy gardens and woodland scenes, with dancing nymphs attired in all the hues of the rainbow, and one or two extra colour-schemes besides. And over and above all there is Mr. George Graves as the "Grand Duchess of

(*Continued on page 28*)

Keeping the Home Fires Burning

"Puss in Boots" at Drury Lane is well qualified to maintain the high tradition of this famous house for first-class pantomime. Special leave should be given to our friends in the trenches to visit Drury Lane this season

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 26)

THE FUN—AND THE FAIR

Cerulia" to give the ladies points on housekeeping and hints on the improvement of homely features without interference with occupation or injury to health.

Of late years the Drury Lane pantomime has come under the influence of musical comedy, and the present production is no exception to the rule. The old-fashioned element of the grotesque has made way for the sweetly sentimental singer who warbles of lasting love, with a girl's head on his shoulder the while. Mr. Eric Marshall as the hero, and Miss Florence Smithson as the heroine, sing a good deal in this way together, with the loudly expressed approval of the audience, and thus introduce a politer note than that which one expects to find at the recklessly jolly pantomime season. It may be, however, that this is another sign of the improvement in the public taste. In the old days it was the custom to reproduce in the annual pantomime the more successful of the current music-hall ditties of the year, a habit that may not have been so refined as the present practice, but which was, all the same, confoundedly amusing. "Puss in Boots" is very daintily represented by little Miss Renée Mayer, who is a distinct asset to the fairy side of the production, and all the laughter-making favourites of recent years are in their accustomed places, handing out mirth and jollity with a properly generous hand. There should be joy in the Drury Lane pantomime for all the children—to say nothing of the "children of a larger growth" who usually find an excuse for a visit to what is always one of the most fascinating shows of the year.

"JOY-LAND" at the HIPPODROME

The Hippodrome has a faithful public of its own, and one must assume, therefore, that everything the Hippodrome does is for the best in the best possible of worlds. The shining light of the show is still Mr. Harry Tate, whose appearance early in the evening as a steamboat passenger who isn't feeling quite up to the mark, started the fun going furiously; and later on Mr. Tate scored distinctly as "The Master Mind of Cinema Land." Apart from Mr. Tate, however, the fun, usually so comprehensive at the Hippodrome, is a little thin. By way of compensation, the spectacular part of the show is distinctly rich and rare. Miss Shirley Kellogg as "Mlle. Fantoche," the leader of a chorus of gaily coloured clowns, makes a tremendous hit in the scene called "Clown-land," which is quite the best thing the Hippodrome has done. The Revues at the Hippodrome have quite a pleasing reputation for wholesome frivolity, and it is to be hoped, therefore, that the management is not going to take itself too seriously for the future. The genuine laughter-makers of the world are few enough, and they should be at a premium now when, more than ever, we need to laugh—that we may not weep!

JINGLE

Photograph] MISS EDIE GRAHAM *[Wrather and Buys*

The charming young actress who is the "Forewoman" in "In Lingerie," the new "Potash and Perlmutter" sketch at the Coliseum

She Came, She Saw, She Conquered

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

MADAME YVONNE GRANDVILLE

For a few weeks, in the absence of Mlle. Delysia from the cast of "More," the widely popular revue at the Ambassadors Theatre, the delightful Victorian scene, with charming music, was greatly freshened by the introduction of the art and wiles of Madame Yvonne Grandville, whose accomplished style lent a new touch of grace to many of the gaieties of this revue. As a whole the new "More" is jollier than it was in its earliest days—and this is the highest praise we know

The Bystander in Paris

"ET AVEC ÇA MADAME?"

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

I THINK she has several politicians in her family. At all events, her views on, and ideas about, solid facts are usually delightfully fluffy round the edges. You know the sort of ideas I mean? If one could photograph ideas (and I suppose that'll come) hers will always be mistaken, unless carefully labelled, for photographs of Lord Robert Cecil's answers to questions in Parliament. So when she told me that she had come over to do a bit of shopping in Paris, so as to see what conscription really did mean, I knew that the dear heart's little head was a jumble of figures, blue uniforms, Lord Derby, green forms, and metal war helmets, all served hot with Marseillaise Sauce, don't you know.

The dear heart's little Mary was a bit of a jumble, too, when she arrived, poor thing, and she was really rather annoyed with General Joffre, K., and "all those sort of people" (she always says "*those* sort of people") for making her travel by Southampton and Havre. "Of course, I could have come by Dieppe," she said, "but the idea of starting in the evening tempted me, and I was told that the boats were quite big boats by Southampton, and that there were baths on board and buttered toast in the morning, and it wasn't so bad if you got to sleep before you got out of Southampton Water" (you will understand now why Lady P——., no, nothing like her real name—is the despair of bank clerks, Custom House officials, passport people, and other folk, with or without brass buttons, who require direct and succinct answers to their questions, with as little delay as possible). Poor, dear little thing, she didn't get to sleep until just before she got to Havre, and when she woke and had to dress or, rather, tidy up, she did not take the slightest interest in baths or buttered toast. One rarely does.

But she was very perky again when she arrived in Paris,

GETTING A GRIP OF IT

Sir Douglas Haig, the new Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force in France, leaving General Headquarters after an interview with General Joffre

and she had quite made up her mind which of the darling Paris hats in the advertisements in the London illustrated papers she intended to buy on the spot. Now I won't go hat-buying with any woman, either in peace or in war-time. Their cruelty to unoffending feathers and ribbons invariably revolts me. I have seen a woman with a face like an angel treat a hat as if she were catch-as-catch-can wrestling with it, until I positively shivered. She didn't buy the hat afterwards, either, and explained as we went downstairs that it was only the eleventh hat shop we had been to.

So Lady P. went on the hat hunt alone, and she met me at luncheon with the frown of a disappointed Dyak who had come home without the number of heads he expected to bring back at his belt. She was rather ruffled, but the atmosphere of peace and the sympathetic waiting in the restaurant made her happy again. "These waiters always make me feel as if I really were a protector of the poor," said Lady P., who looks at Kipling now and then, because she likes the soft red leather covers. I had ordered a vanilla cream *soufflée* with pink ice in the middle of it, hoping to distract her mind from hats. You see, Frenchwomen remember that the Germans are at Noyon and they are not buying hats. So that the latest things in Parisianism which you see in the illustrated papers are mostly shipped across to customers in London, and, of course, to New York.

Unfortunately, the shape of the *soufflée* was aggravating enough to bend-in in the middle and look like one of the Dogberry hats for which Lady P.'s soul had craved. It annoyed her dreadfully to have been told that "Madame could get it at our branch in Regent Street, when she returned." Lady P.'s French is considered so Parisian. All the Belgian refugees tell her so. "I'd pulled the whole shop to pieces," she said, "and for sheer shame I bought a little feathery pom-pom thing. But I wish the girls wouldn't say '*Et avec ça, Madame?*' I'm afraid I was catty. I said that '*avec ça*,' I *had* wanted a hat, but as there didn't seem to be any in Paris. . . . Horrid of me, wasn't it?" And the little woman indulged in big blue grapes till I began to count my money furtively and wonder if they'd mind a cheque.

(Continued on page 32)

The Imperial Prayer

H.I.M. (giving a few instructions to the Prussian tribal deity, before retiring to rest):—
"And pray keep the present British Ministry in Office for the rest of their lives"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 30*)

And then we went to the Galeries Lafayette and to the Printemps. "I want to be served by those dear dreamy-eyed young men, and I suppose they are all in uniform, now." She had got this idea into her head because Max Dearly, who is mobilised, is allowed to play *The Man Who Stayed at Home* in the evenings, and even gets leave for a couple of matinées a week. She had seen him in uniform in the street that morning. But she was horribly disappointed in the aged shopmen in black frockcoats, white ties, and little skull caps which make them look like the doorkeepers at Rothschild's bank in the Rue Laffitte, and the absence of the young and dreamy-eyed. She was amazed at the scarcity of Christmas shopping too, here in Paris. No gold cigarette-cases and such frivolities for the Front. Toys for the children, things of solid usefulness for soldiers, *un point, c'est tout.* She was rather cross with me, I think, when I explained that we were not "taking the children to the pantomime" without any children, this year. And she became quite snappish, bless her, when, after finding some difficulty in buying the frivolous kind of handkerchiefs she loves, the salesman took his skull cap off, scratched a very bald head, and said "*Et avec ça, Madame?*" I am afraid Lady P. yapped at him. The greyness of Paris had been a shock to her temper. "*Avec ça, je me mouche!*" she said. But we went to tea at the Mirabeau, I told some French people whom we met there of her epigram, they marvelled at her gift of tongues, and she beamed quite consistently afterwards.

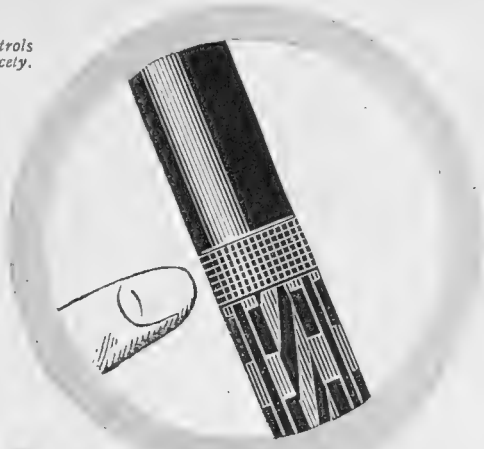
JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Photograph *Bertram Park*

MLLE. ALICE DELYSIA

The beautiful French actress, who after being out of the cast of "More" at the Ambassadors Theatre for a few weeks has returned to grace this popular revue with the individuality and charm that are peculiarly hers

This diagram shows the screw-head which controls the ink supply and regulates the flow to a nicety.



See that!

In the trenches,

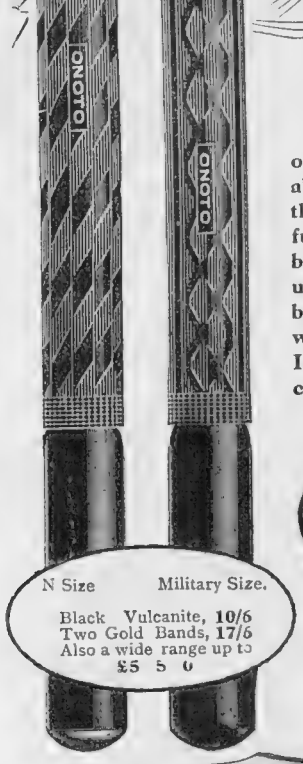
or wherever liquid ink is not available, Ink Pellets can be used to fill the Onoto Pen—Pull out the rod to full extent, insert one Ink Pellet in barrel of pen (The Onoto will unscrew for this purpose between barrel and nib carrier) then fill with water as if filling with ink. Onoto Ink Pellets are sold in neat tubes costing 6d. and 1/-

The Onoto is "the pen of perfect control." The slightest turn of the rib by the finger and thumb adjusts the ink flow to the greatest nicety, so that you always have just as much ink as you need—no less—and no more.

By another slight turn you can seal the Onoto so that the ink *cannot* escape until you yourself release it. You control your pen absolutely—in use and out.

Do not make the mistake of sending the wrong kind of pen to the front. Send an Onoto, the Pen the soldier wants because it never leaks, needs no filler, and is always ready for use. You send it out full of ink ready to write.

The Military size exactly fits the Soldier's pocket.



N Size Military Size.
Black Vulcanite, **10/6**
Two Gold Bands, **17/6**
Also a wide range up to
£5 5 0

Onoto THE Pen

SOLID GOLD £5.5.0

The Onoto Pen is a British Invention, produced by a British Company with British Capital. It stands alone as the one really satisfactory Self-filling Safety Pen. It can be filled by means of liquid ink or ink pellets.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & Co., LTD.

Send Him a Bairnsfather Picture

THE IDEAL GIFT FROM HOME TO THE TRENCHES

No. 1. WHERE DID THAT ONE GO?

No. 2. "I'M SURE THEY'LL HEAR THIS DAMN THING SQUEAKING"

No. 3. A MAXIM MAXIM

Portrait *Hoppé*

CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

At work on one of his drawings

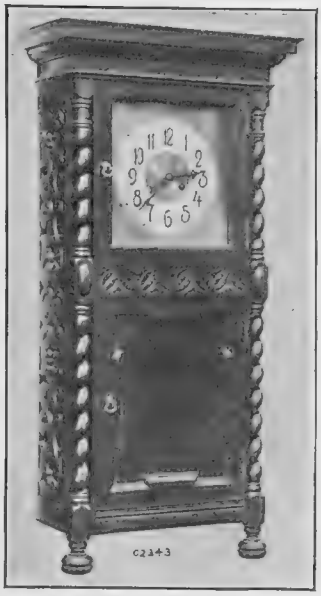
No. 4. NO POSSIBLE DOUBT WHATEVER

No. 5. THAT EVENING STAR SHELL

No. 6. THE PROFESSIONAL INSTINCT AGAIN

Six of the famous Bairnsfather sketches, from *The Bystander*, are now on sale as coloured prints, beautifully mounted, and suitable for framing. We reproduce above (reduced) the six subjects now on sale, obtainable from the publisher of *The Bystander*, Tallis House, London, E.C. Price 1*s.* a-piece, post free 1*s.* 3*d.* Nothing would be better appreciated by the men at the Front than a set of these prints to enliven the walls of dug-outs, billets and mess rooms

SPECIMEN BARGAINS
IN WARING & GILLOW'S
WINTER SALE
Now proceeding.



Fine carved oak Wall Clock, Jacobean design, fitted with 8-day striking movement.
Usual price £12 12 0 **Sale price £6 10 0**

SPECIMEN BARGAINS IN SILVER

1 Silver Kettle on stand.
Usual price £16 16 0 **Sale price £9 10 0**

1 Silver-plated Kettle on stand.
Usual price £1 4 0 **Sale price 18/-**

Silver Stationery Cabinet, slightly damaged.
Usual price £7 10 0 **Sale price £4 0 0**

1 pair Silver Candlesticks.
Usual price £1 5 0 **Sale price 17/-**

1 Silver Teapot, 23 ounces.
Usual price £12 **Sale price £3 0 0**

1 Silver Cigarette Case.
Usual price £2 8 6 **Sale price £1 4 0**

THIS SALE is an opportunity to acquire articles of unmistakable style and quality at extraordinarily low prices. Indeed, the prices are so low as to occasion a feeling of pleasant surprise even to the most hardened bargain-hunter. Visit our Galleries and you will realise how easy this Annual Sale makes the buying of artistic things. Every article is genuinely reduced and is part of our usual stock.

SPECIMEN BARGAINS IN THE SECOND-HAND DEPT.

A walnut William and Mary design China Cabinet.
Usual price £13 10 0 **Sale price £7 10 0**

A handsomely-carved mahogany Dwarf Cabinet, with gilt enrichments.
Usual price £24 10 0 **Sale price £19 10 0**

A richly-carved 2-back Chippendale design Settee on claw and ball legs. Seat upholstered in green silk.
Usual price £17 10 0 **Sale price £14 5 0**

A well-made mahogany Sideboard inlaid with satinwood, 6 ft 10 in. long, fitted with sliding trays, cellarette, three drawers and cupboard.
Usual price £42 10 0 **Sale price £29 10 0**

A set of 6 mahogany and inlaid shield-back Chairs. Seats upholstered in tapestry.
Usual price £9 10 0 **Sale price £8 0 0**

Castellina Marble Figure, height 21 inches.
Usual price £12 0 0 **Sale price £8 10 0**

SPECIMEN BARGAINS IN CLOCKS

A fine Castellina Marble Group, "Adam and Eve."
Usual price £14 10 0. **Sale price £8 15 0**

A fine old black lacquer Grandfather Clock, fitted with an English striking movement.
Usual price £25 0 0 **Sale price £15 0 0**

A very handsome Castellina Marble Bust with coloured drapery.
Usual price £10 10 0 **Sale price £5 10 0**

Fine old Barometers, in good working order.
From £2 15 0 to £5 5 0

THE WINTER SALE IS NOW PROCEEDING.

WARING & GILLOW LTD.

Furnishers & Decorators to H.M. the King.

164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL. DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

Books of the Week

AN AMERICAN NOVEL AND A NEW HUMORIST

The Banning of Books

THERE seems to be a little epidemic of book-banning just now, and the ordinary reader, for whom THE BYSTANDER likes to think itself the spokesman, may find himself wondering about the business. Some books, of course, ought never to have been written at all; others are unnecessary, if not altogether inartistic; others, again, are full of those "burning truths" upon which clergymen, fond of the limelight, like to discourse. They may be ugly, but if you read them in the proper spirit . . . and so on. You know the kind of thing that is said on these occasions. The great artist, of course, has his "message" to deliver, and if the message be slightly unsavoury—well, truth, as we are learning in these days of stress, is not always the comfortable phenomenon we should like it to be.

An American Novel

I am wondering what English readers will say to Theodore Dreiser's *The "Genius"* (Lane: 6*s.*). Dreiser is America's most pungent writer. He is slightly uncouth, harsh, at times as ill-balanced as most of his heroes, but always immensely powerful—a man with an amazing facility for covering a canvas whose very size would appal a less courageous writer. In *The Financier* and its sequel, *The Titan*, he gave us the story of one of those business magnates, peculiar to America, who conform more or less to some people's idea of the Superman. The financier in question was a man who seemed to divide his attention fairly equally between money and women. And both money and women seemed to come his way as iron filings come to a magnet. Probably his adventures shocked not a few of us.

MR. A. S. NEILL

Author of "A Dominie's Log" (Jenkins: 2s. 6d. net), which is reviewed on this page

Here Are Ladies

Now Eugene Witla, the hero of this seven-hundred-paged *The "Genius,"* is shown us in even greater detail than was bestowed upon his predecessor. Eugene is, in turn, a compositor, a reporter, a painter, an ordinary labourer, an advertising agent, a business magnate of sorts—with a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars—and, once again, a painter. His career, thus far, you imagine, is not at all unusual for a clever American. But Eugene is cursed by what his creator calls a love of beauty. The ladies, to put it mildly, abound. After much consideration, and because he is more or less forced into it, Eugene marries the gentle Angela, and the gentle Angela speedily becomes a nuisance. It is not in Eugene's nature to live quietly married to a domestically minded woman, even though she may darn his socks and cook his meals to perfection. There are many little lapses, and then the rather terrible affair with young Susanne Dale.

A Gruesome Finale

In the Susanne episode Dreiser attacks a social problem to which many other writers have given their attention, and you cannot say that he brings to bear on it anything startlingly new. Yet it unquestionably grips your interest, and the method of ending it—Eugene's wife unexpectedly has a child and dies—is quite gruesome in its details. You can hardly help shuddering. The book is immensely long, and much good writing will escape your attention if you skip the more solid paragraphs. It is, in other words, worth reading in its entirety, but you may ask yourself whether it is not a pity that this great American writer cannot get hold of a healthier type than Eugene Witla for his hero. We have need of healthiness to-day, in America as well as at home.

"A Dominie's Log"

To advertise a writer as a new humorist is a somewhat dangerous proceeding: the word leads you to expect so much. You may be a little doubtful about the precise meaning of the word—humour is difficult to define—but you are generally prepared to be disappointed if you don't laugh, or, at any rate, smile broadly, at the humorist's efforts. Now Mr. A. S. Neill in *A Dominie's Log* (Jenkins: 2*s.* 6*d.* net) has written what some people will consider to be a serious contribution to educational literature, and others the most humorous book of the season. It just depends on your point of view. I, for instance, disagree with most of his expressed opinions, but find his book at once delightfully refreshing and extraordinarily serious. You, on the other hand, who have fixed ideas on the upbringing of children, may wax wroth with Mr. Neill for being a villain—or a practical joker. You see, he would have the bairns taught the truth!—the truth about all sorts of disagreeable things, such as no modern Government could tolerate for a moment. And his views on school punishments are dreadfully unorthodox. He even admits in this diary of his that the noise in his classroom was occasionally awful. Altogether, Mr. Neill must be a terrible person, but whether you regard him as humorist or educationalist, you will certainly enjoy *A Dominie's Log*, and probably ask for some further extracts.

R. S.

The 'QUORN' Active Service Coat

for TRENCH, CAMP and SADDLE.

Some of its most striking features :

Absolutely water-proof and invulnerable to the heaviest rains.
Extremely light, weighing only a few pounds.
Capacious concertina pockets at sides.
Saddle Gusset and Straps to insides of coat for riding. Fronts of coat adjustable for marching. Wind-cuff straps to sleeves.
Detachable warm fleece lining, which can be used separately as a dressing gown, or as a soft warm covering at night.

PRICE

Without detachable lining - - **£4 4 0**

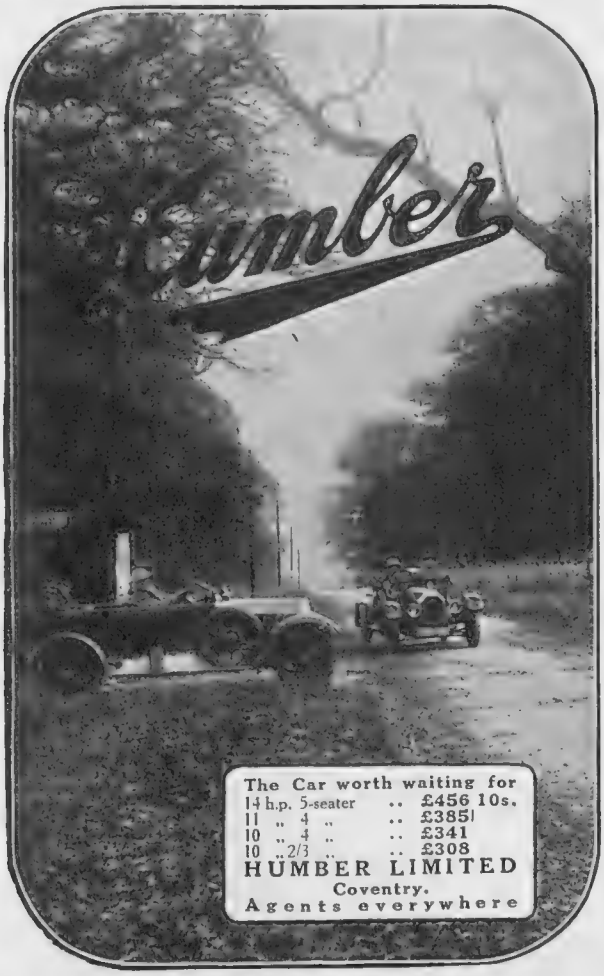
With finest soft camel fleece detachable lining to body and sleeves **£6 10 0**

Post free { U.K. 8*d.* extra. / Abroad, 1/4 extra.

*The "Aquaturn" double texture Trench Coat, Wind and Water-proof Price **£3 3 0**

Every detail for comfort, convenience, and necessity has been carefully studied, and is embodied in this Active Service Coat.

TURNBULL & ASSER, Military & Sporting Outfitters,
71-72, JERMYN STREET (5 doors from St. James's St.), **LONDON, S.W.**
Telegrams—"PADDYWHACK, LONDON." Telephone—4628 GERRARD



The Car worth waiting for
14 h.p. 5-seater .. £456 10s.
11 ,, 4 ,, .. £385
10 ,, 4 ,, .. £341
10 ,, 2/3 ,, .. £308
HUMBER LIMITED
Coventry.
Agents everywhere

Shoolbred's

All Wool
FLANNEL
KHAKI
SHIRTS

First Quality,
13/6 COLLARS 1/6

Postage to France and Mediterranean 1/- extra.

Other makes in Ceylon Flannel, and light weight all-wool, at 10/6, 12/6, 13/6, and 15/6.

		Collars
KHAKI SILK SHIRTS	18/6	2/- each
OXFORD COTTON ,,	9/6	1/- ,,
KNITTED SILK TIES,	2/6	

List of Service Uniforms and Equipment sent Post Free.

Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

Motor Notes

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

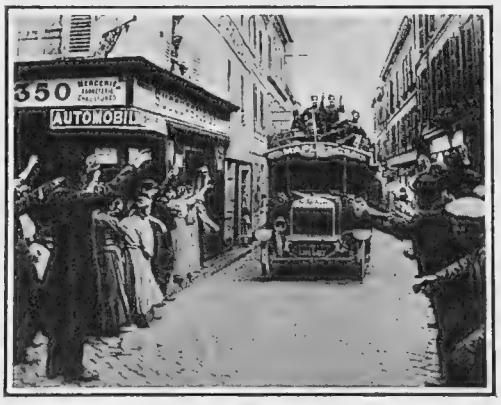
To 1916

"REPENTANCE oft before I swore; but was I sober when I swore?" What's it matter, anyway? The resolution that takes a New Year to inspire and justify it will want a New Year every half-hour to maintain it. Therefore I swear no oaths on the calendar, and although I may repent my sins of om and com, they are as like to occur again in 1916 as in the years that are awa'. What's it matter if our heads are bloody under the bludgeonings of fate, so that we can keep them unbowed? Give us peace as near to our terms as we may take it without shame; give us free industry once more, and the great gay road, and health; and a car and the means to maintain it; give us sense where we lack it, and charity when we need it, and the fellowship which is life, and many friends who will act as such, and the keen enjoyment of pipe and glass and book, and the rest may go hang—if there is any rest. So here's to 1916 and to us. And God bless us every one.

***

Anticipations

Prospects? Good enough. If the year should bring us back our auld acquaintances and give us the chance to deal with industrial things for industrial purposes, it will, I am confident, also bring us such chances of industrial consolidation and development as never offered themselves since England set out with her new factory system to make herself the workshop of the world. Better chances presently, because we have learned our limitations, and learned to concentrate on the things we best can do—at any rate, I hope so. And just because the motor vehicle is the indispensable auxiliary of industry and, in its private or pleasure form, a reflex of prosperity, the motor will keep pace with industry and reproduce those elements of success upon which industrial achievement depends.



"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

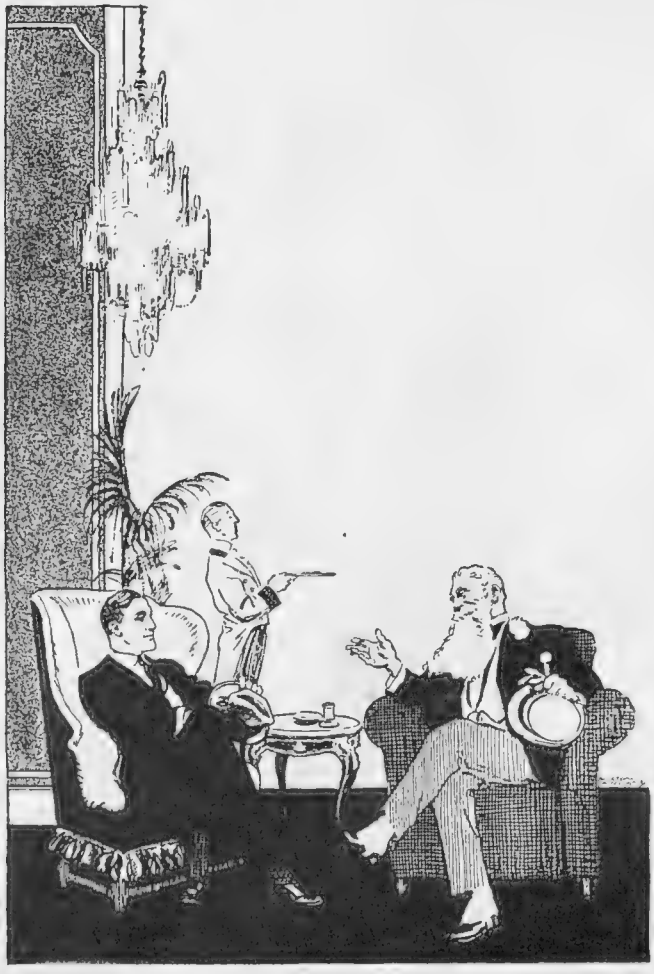
—Does not always mean trenches, exploding shells, and "the cry that chokes to a sob and is silent." Sometimes it means a one-sided battle of flowers and fruit and cigarettes, in which the women of "Somewhere in France" offer tribute to "Tommy"—as in this case, "Tommy" taking the air and the tribute on a Straker-Squire that once was Maple's

***

Economics

Of course, there will be considerable poverty, and tendencies to industrial crisis, while the dislocation caused by the war is being straightened out. There will be a shortage keenly felt in many directions equally, of course; because we cannot blow millions of our reserve of gold coinage into a hellish nothing without feeling the recoil in our economic system. But we haven't blown the British Empire (and all that is therein) off the map, and even if we started without a single golden bean, the value of the British Empire and its contents would still be sufficient security for every penny of working capital needed to keep the factory and home fires burning. Posterity will not pass us many votes of thanks for handing down the debt we certainly shall hand down; but, then, it wouldn't hurt us a great deal even if they came and desecrated our graves—particularly if we have been cremated. And so, apart from the incidences of tangle unravelling when peace comes, I do not anticipate the troublous times of

(*Continued on page 40*)



Dunlop: I can't offer you a drink in these teetotal days, but I can offer you some advice.

The Youngster: What's that?

Dunlop: Believe in other people's experience occasionally instead of always buying your own.

The Youngster: You mean?

Dunlop: Follow the Motor Transport Officers' lead. They always put "Dunlops preferred" on their requisitions and think themselves lucky if they get them.

DUNLOP

RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.,

Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry throughout the World,

Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

DICKINS & JONES

GREAT TWO WEEKS

Illustrated Sale Catalogue Post Free.

SALE

Post Orders receive prompt attention.

NOW PROCEEDING

The Key to real economy and an event eagerly looked forward to by thousands of customers who know that the Goods offered are our regular trading stock, which for quality stands pre-eminent.

The reductions during Our Half-yearly Sales are always drastic, and as we wish to lighten the work of Stock-taking, owing to the depletion of our regular staff, who have joined His Majesty's Forces, the reductions during this Sale will be greater than ever to effect a clearance.

By 187. **Pure Silk Hose,** with Embroidered Clocks. Extra Spliced Soles, in Black, White, and all Colours.
Sale Prices,
5/3, 7/3 and **12/6**

By 406. **Useful Bag** of Real Morocco, Slip Pocket at back, centre division, and Vanity Fittings. Size 5 x 9½
Sale Price, 8/9

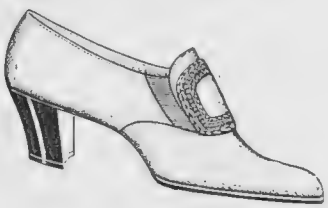
Remnants and Oddments at Half-price or less, on Fridays, Jan. 7th & 14th

By 17. **Pony Cloth Coat** (as illustration), exceptionally soft and silky quality. The back is loose hanging; the front is divided at the waist, giving a smart waistcoated effect. Richly trimmed with deep Flounce and Collar of fine quality Black Hare. Lined throughout Silk.
Sale Price, 98/6

By 31 **Charming Afternoon Frock,** in Chiffon Velvet and Ninon. Gold Ribbon and Fur introduced on Bodice. In Grey, Navy, Black, Rose, and Nigger.
Usual Price, 8½ Gns.;
Sale Price, 7½ Gns.

By 56. Rich Quality **Black Velvet Bolero,** bound with Braid.
Usual Price, 29/6;
Reduced to 23/6
These **Sleeveless Boleros** can be worn over any indoor dress, giving warmth, and transforming an old gown to the present style.

By 7. **Real Ponyskin Coat,** of fine bright Moiré Skins, Full Sac shape, with Collar of Skunk-dyed Opossum. Usual Price, 11½ Gns.;
Sale Price, 9 Gns.



By 208. **Fine Glacé Kid,** Elastic Sides.
Sale Price, 16/9

DICKINS & JONES Ltd. Regent Street, LONDON, W.

MOTOR NOTES (*concluded from page 38*)

the pessimists, but the opposite, with every factory rushing along in an endeavour to make up for lost time, the motor-car and van manufacturers in the front rank, ready and fully equipped to work the claims they have, I hope, staked out all around the Empire, and the likeliest other parts of the world. Of course, those who haven't prospected and prepared will not be able to claim any squatter or other rights presently. *Ergo*——

***

Regrets

My friend, Robert Coan, caster of crank cases and constructor of other car commodities in aluminium, desires me to convey to his customers regrets because of his inability to send around his usual useful and invariably beautiful Christmas souvenir. The Government have collared all the available aluminium. Presently he hopes to be able to annex sufficient for the purpose. I hope his hope will be realised. Meanwhile I pass on his regrets.

***

Napier's Results

In my recent references to the necessity for maintaining goodwill over the close season made by the war, I gave no specific instance. The subsequent receipt from the Napier Company of their balance sheet for year ending September 30 sufficiently emphasises my point. The firm write down goodwill at the value of £300,000. If it were not for the fact that the Company, widely appreciative of the issues involved, and of the commercial value of goodwill, and of the necessity for maintaining it, have maintained their position in the public eye by judicious publicity work over a period during which the whole of their output has been taken by the Government, the goodwill item in the assets would, at the close of the war, have to be written down probably by 50 per cent. or more. But the Napier Company do not make mistakes of that kind. They are one of the firms of British manufacturers who have kept in the public eye; so that if the war stopped to-morrow it is doubtful if there would be any difference, except for the better, between their reputation at the hey-day of their popularity and now—or then. Meanwhile it is a matter for congratulation to this premier British Company that, on the year's working, including the £11,767 carried forward from 1914, there is a profit of £70,173. Fine!

***

Things That Matter

A couple of calendars, one from Thornycroft's and the other from Henley's, the famous tyre firm. They may be had from either firm for the asking.—"Faults and How to Find them" is reprinted by Iliffes at *2s. 6d.* It is an indispensable volume for the shelf of the owner-driver.

C.A.V. Lighting & Starting.—British Made Throughout. Comfort in Starting, Safety in Driving, Immunity from Risks on Treacherous Roads. Catalogues Free.—C. A. Vandervell & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

The 1916 8-Cylinder Cadillac is the Sweetest Running Car in the World.—For trial and further particulars write F. S. Bennett, Ltd., 24-27, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Telephone: Mayfair 2836.

Claudel Hobson Carburetters in the war area are giving consistently good service. In any area and under all circumstances they will give you service just as dependable.—H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

Wilson & Gill
139 & 141 Regent Street
London.W.
BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
NAVAL AND MILITARY
BADGE BROOCHES.

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colors, Platinised Silver Star, £3 17 6
With Diamond Crown, £7 0 0

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colors, £2 10 0
Larger Size, £4 10 0
With Diamond Monogram, £7 0 0

18-ct. Gold, Diamond Crown, Silver Anchor, £6 10 0
Without Stones, £4 10 0

ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be Supplied in Gold or Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3 . 10 . 0 to £50. Sketches and Estimates on Application.

A year of better health will be yours if you eat St. Ivel Lactic Cheese regularly. Its special properties keep the system healthy. Look after this and you will always be fit and well.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.

IT'S THE DIRT THAT IS IN

not the dirt that is ON that spoils the complexion. Soap and water removes surface dirt only. OATINE gets down into the pores and removes the dirt embedded there, hence its success—to prove this rub OATINE on the face and wipe off with a clean towel when particles of black will be found on the towel.
In White Jars, 1/1½ & 2/3.
Ask for—
Oatine FACE CREAM
GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

REDLINE
MOTOR SPIRIT
CAN GIVE POINTS TO ALL OTHERS

PROOF

Independent report on Three Months' Test of REDLINE II proved to give 1·7 more miles per gallon than any other spirit. This equals a saving of 10 per cent., or 2d. per gallon.

SUPPORT THE BRITISH COMPANY.

UNION PETROLEUM PRODUCTS CO., LTD.,
21, BURY STREET, LONDON, E.C.
CONTRACTORS TO THE WAR OFFICE.
Telephone Nos.: Avenue 4964, 4965.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE
HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
the surest, quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles. The Standard remedy for over 40 years.
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 631.—Vol. XLIX. Wednesday, January 5, 1916 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: **HAMPTON & SONS** 37 GERRARD.

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

PRICE VERY LOW.

HIGH GROUND. PERFECTLY RURAL.

Close to Puckeridge Kennels.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

FOR SALE (or might be LET), this attractive FREEHOLD HOUSE, with grounds of about 6 acres: very fine lounge hall with open beam roof, billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. HEATED BY RADIATORS.
WATER FROM ARTESIAN WELL.

Stabling for 4, garage. Well-laid-out gardens and grounds.
Land tax redeemed.
Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

COMMANDING BEAUTIFUL VIEWS TO THE
SOUTH DOWNS.

WITHIN EASY REACH OF GOLF.

SUSSEX, NEAR HAYWARDS HEATH.

In a charming locality.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, this really choice old-fashioned gabled RESIDENCE, standing in

GROUNDS AND PADDOCKS OF 6 ACRES,

and containing 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, BILLIARD ROOM, etc., acetylene gas. Stabling and garage. Shady gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen and fruit gardens, etc. 2 cottages if required.
Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

RENT ONLY £124 10s. PER ANNUM.

SMALL PREMIUM.

IDEAL LITTLE COUNTRY PLACE.

ONLY 30 MINUTES OUT.

ELSTREE.—TO LET, Unfurnished, this charming and most interesting old COUNTRY HOUSE, in very fine

OLD-WORLD GROUNDS OF 3½ ACRES.

The accommodation comprises 4 reception, 7 or more bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Large garage for 3 cars. Tennis court, walled garden, and small meadow.
Recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

RENT, £150 PER ANNUM.

35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

KENT

(1¼ miles from main line junction).

TO BE LET OR SOLD.—THIS COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE, occupying fine high situation with beautiful views: 4 reception rooms, excellent offices, 11 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms; gas and water laid on.

WELL-MATURED GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF NEARLY 3 ACRES.

Cottage, stabling, and garage.
—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Estate Offices: 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."
TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.,
and 100, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

BORDERS OF NEW FOREST.—To be LET or SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing high on gravel soil, surrounded by pleasure gardens and lands, in all about 24 acres, including a small trout stream: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 17 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; electric light, central heating and telephone installed; stabling and large garage; tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen gardens and glasshouses.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 2,994)

SOMERSETSHIRE.
650ft. up. Excellent views. 4½ miles from Town and station.
PRICE FOR QUICK SALE, £2,000.
OR WOULD BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, built of grey stone, standing on a light soil, and approached by a short drive. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; stabling for 4; 2 cottages; the grounds extend to 4½ acres, and include tennis lawn, flower garden, walled kitchen and fruit gardens, paddock, and orchard; shooting can be rented in the district; hunting.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,224)

1½ MILES FROM EAST GRINSTEAD. 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.
TO BE SOLD, OR LET, UNFURNISHED.

MODERN HOUSE IN OLD-FASHIONED STYLE, standing in well-matured grounds and approached by a carriage drive.—Oak-panelled lounge hall, drawing room or billiard room (30ft. by 18ft. by 17ft.), with minstrel gallery, dining room, study, 6 or 7 bedrooms and bathroom; Company's water; well-laid-out grounds of 2½ acres with lawns, flower-beds, grass and gravel walks, summer-house, and paddock. There are some fine old timbered trees. Within easy distance of several golf links.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (8,299)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.
HANTS AND WILTS BORDERS.

THIS GENUINE QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, standing in a small well-timbered park. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room (all panelled), 15 bedrooms, nursery, studio, 3 bathrooms; electric light, telephone; garage; beautifully timbered gardens and grounds well laid out in terraces, lawns, etc., including 2 tennis courts; golf in neighbourhood; shooting over about 1,200 acres.—For particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 2,853)

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE.
OVER 500FT. UP. GRAVEL SOIL.
AMIDST PINE AND HEATHER LAND.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, Furnished, a comfortable modern RESIDENCE, situated on a hill with beautiful views. Approached by two drives, it contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; gas and water; 2 stalls; garage; cottage; beautiful lawns, fine clump of rhododendrons, conifers, wilderness walks, woodland, etc., in all about 5 acres; golf links close. Price £2,500.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,717)

LESS THAN ½ HOUR BY RAIL FROM ST. PANCRAS.
TO BE SOLD.

THIS WELL-BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE, approached by a drive and standing in grounds of 3 ACRES. Accommodation: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING.
COMPANY'S WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE.

The grounds are laid out with great taste, and include shrubbery walks, wide herbaceous borders, grass and gravel terraces, pergola, grass and asphalt tennis court, kitchen garden, etc.—Price and full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,308)

WILSON & GRAY

Telephones: Mayfair 5701 and 5702.
Telegrams: "Wilsogra, Audley, London."

LONDON and YEOVIL.

14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

The Oldest Established and Principal Agency for TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN and OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES

of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished, where owners and applicants can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.
Enquiries to 14, Mount Street, W.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT.

WILSON AND GRAY have now transferred their above Department to
No. 56, BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.
Telephone: Mayfair 1321.

The renovation, restoration, enlargement, etc., to old-world Properties, together with the reproduction of same, are a few of the special features dealt with, and all enquiries respecting such matters should now be addressed as above.

NEAR NEWBURY.

Just over an hour from London by G. W. Ry. express trains.

Beautiful spot amidst perfectly rural surroundings, and high up on gravel soil.

BARGAIN PRICE. | *No offer in reason refused.*

BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED HOUSE, containing: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; electric light; new drainage; stabling, garage, lodge, 3 cottages, and farm buildings.

FINELY-TIMBERED OLD GARDENS, MINIATURE PARK, WOODLANDS, AND PLEASURE FARM OF ABOUT 103 ACRES.

—Illustrated particulars from the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

SURREY.

In that beautiful country South of GUILDFORD and about 4 miles from Cranleigh.

FOR SALE, OR WOULD BE LET.

CHARMING OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE WITH 6 ACRES OF LOVELY GROUNDS.

8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms; acetylene gas, main water supply; lodge; stabling, garage. The gardens are a great feature; there are fine old hedges 15ft high, rock garden, stone-flagged paths, tennis and croquet lawns, etc.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE,

WITH 200 ACRES OF LAND BOUNDED BY RIVER.

A **FREEHOLD BARGAIN,** representing practically a farm price. The House stands high, ½ mile back from road: 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, oak-panelled billiard room, charming music room, 4 reception rooms; well-timbered grounds, ample buildings, and 7 cottages.—Inspected by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

FREEHOLD BARGAIN.

140 ACRES. £3,300.

SOMERSET.—ON THE MENDIPS, 400ft. above sea level, with grand views. Charming old-fashioned HOUSE, approached by a ¼-mile carriage drive: lounge hall, 3 reception and billiard rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; cottage, stabling, garage; delightful gardens, 5 acres pasture, and the residue woods and plantations, forming an ideal sporting estate. —Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

25 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON ON THE SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.

300ft. above sea level. Perfectly rural position.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

A FINE OLD 14th CENTURY HOUSE WITH BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF 22 ACRES.

10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; complete offices with servants' hall; garage; farmery. *Electric light; telephone; central heating; modern drainage; company's water.*—Sole agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W. Inspected and highly recommended.

SUSSEX.

In a favourite part close to GOODWOOD; about 1½ hours from London.

£175 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED, with premium for improvements (land let off reducing the rent to £140).

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE WITH WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF ABOUT 50 ACRES.

11 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; acetylene gas; telephone; stabling for 5, garage, men's rooms, etc.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

125 ACRES. £3,150.

HANTS (between Newbury and Andover; high; gravel soil; South aspect.

A SMALL GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE.

Large hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3, garage; charming gardens, and pleasure farm.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

SUSSEX, ASHDOWN FOREST.

Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.

CLOSE TO THE CELEBRATED GOLF LINKS.

FOR SALE, A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD

SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE.

All modern conveniences; electric light, radiators, etc.; lounge, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, old farmhouse, 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds of 16¼ acres, practically surrounded by the Forest.—Full particulars of the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended.

REAL "WAR" BARGAINS IN TOWN HOUSES.

FOR SALE, AT A LOW RESERVE,
By AUCTION in JANUARY NEXT
(if not Sold previously).

No. 33, PRINCES GATE, S.W.

A REMARKABLY CHOICE HOUSE, occupying an ideal position, facing beautifully-timbered grounds, and overlooking and having

IMMEDIATE ACCESS TO EXTENSIVE PRIVATE GARDENS.

The House has recently been brought thoroughly up to date, and most tastefully and expensively decorated at enormous expense. Many improvements have been installed, including: *handsome mahogany doors, parquet floors, choice fireplaces, white panelled walls, well-fitted bathrooms, and lavatory basins, new sanitation, etc.* 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, charming boudoir, 2 drawing rooms (25ft. by 20ft. and 23ft. by 16ft.), fine dining room (27ft. by 18ft.), morning room (18ft. by 17ft.), good library (17ft. by 13ft.), splendid offices.

Lease 23½ years. Ground Rent £80.

Capital stabling, No. 1, Princes Gate Mews.
—Printed particulars of the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.

GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.

Price, 2,000 gns. Or Rent, £300.

SPLENDIDLY-ARRANGED HOUSE to be LET, Unfurnished. It is situate in a favourite position, and has only recently been entirely redecorated. The accommodation is splendidly arranged, and comprises:

On the ground floor—Beautiful panelled dining room, square hall, morning room.

On the first floor—Charming double drawing room, large music room.

In addition to which there are 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and capital domestic offices.

Lease about 14 years.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

FOR SALE, AT A BARGAIN PRICE.

WITH GARDENS FRONT AND BACK.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY-APPOINTED HOUSES IN BELGRAVIA for DISPOSAL. It occupies a retired and sunny position

IN A FAVORITE SITUATION,

and has recently been *entirely remodelled and brought up to date at tremendous cost.* The house is most beautifully decorated and fitted with electric passenger lift, hot water radiators, 2 staircases, parquet floors, handsome fireplaces, etc. The accommodation comprises 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 splendidly fitted bathrooms,

FOUR BEAUTIFUL RECEPTION ROOMS,

magnificent entrance and inner halls, exceptionally good offices,

SMALL PRIVATE GARDEN,

and capital stabling at back.

Lease 58 years. Ground rent £60.

—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

Telegrams: "Everything, London."

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephones: { Western 1 (60 lines). Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

NOTTS (in the well-known pretty country, 4 miles from the County town).—This CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE to be SOLD at a bargain price: 3 reception rooms, oak-panelled entrance hall, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and complete domestic offices; acetylene gas, splendid water supply; tastefully-laid-out gardens and grounds of about 5 acres; 3 cottages.—Personally inspected by the Sole Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ENTRANCE FRONT.

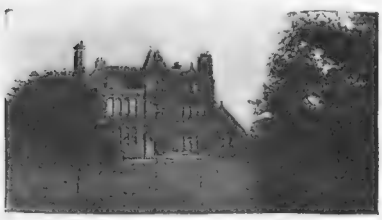
THIS FINE **OLD FAMILY MANSION** beautifully furnished and decorated, occupying a delightful position, on an eminence OVERLOOKING THE AVON. Standing in perfectly laid-out gardens, and well-timbered park lands, and containing some 30 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 lofty reception rooms, billiard room. ELECTRIC LIGHT. RADIATORS. MODERN DRAINAGE. Stabling for 14 horses. Garage for 6 cars. SHOOTING OVER ABOUT 1,000 ACRES. Easy reach of Birmingham, Worcester and Gloucester. TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, FOR 1, 2, OR 3 YEARS. —Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 15,194)

THE DINING ROOM.

TELEGRAMS: "Merceral, London." TELEPHONE No. 1579 Regent.

F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.



A SUSSEX BARGAIN.

BETWEEN HORSHAM AND PULBOROUGH (1¼ miles from a station).—A HANDSOME GENUINE XVITH CENTURY RESIDENCE. Gothic windows, oak beams, inglenooks, full of old oak, stone built, Horsham stone roof: 3 reception, billiard, bath, 9 bedrooms; long drive, entrance lodge; main water, stabling, garage, farmery; beautiful pleasure grounds and 70 ACRES OF HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK-LANDS. FREEHOLD, £4,250 (would be sold with 30 acres). —Strongly recommended from personal inspection by the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

KENT (midst beautiful country). — Genuine QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, containing some fine old oak, handsome carved staircase, hall, 3 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; main drainage, Co.'s water, heating, telephone; excellent stabling, garage. BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS, in all 5 acres; hunting, shooting, and golf. PRICE, £3,250.

ENORMOUS REDUCTION TO ENSURE SALE. HIGH UP. NEAR THE SUSSEX COAST. GRAVEL SOIL. BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

£1,800 WILL PURCHASE this delightful little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY: lounge hall, 2 good reception, bath, 7 bed and dressing rooms; long drive; beautiful pleasure grounds, prolific orchards and pasture-land of 9 ACRES. Stabling, garage, with man's rooms, cottage, farmery; or the whole estate of 15 ACRES, price £2,100.

RESIDENTIAL ESTATES FOR SALE AT FARM PRICES.

NEAR GUILDFORD AND GODALMING.—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, beautiful grounds, stabling, garage, 3 cottages, farmhouse, extensive buildings, and 150 acres of parklands bounded by a river. (Farmhouse and land at present let at £200 per annum). Price for whole estate £5,000.

OXON, NEAR BANBURY.—Imposing stone-built FAMILY RESIDENCE; extensive stabling, garage, commodious buildings, cottage, charming pleasure grounds and parklands of 120 acres. £5,000.

SUFFOLK, NEAR SAXMUNDHAM.—Superior GEORGIAN RESIDENCE: stabling, garage, extensive buildings, beautiful old-world pleasure grounds and parklands of 150 acres. £3,500. Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

GREATEST WAR BARGAIN OF THE YEAR. PRICE £2,100. LESS THAN HALF VALUE.

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE, near station, high up, gravel soil, imposing picturesque RESIDENCE: lounge hall (20ft. by 17ft.), 3 reception (each about 27ft. by 22ft.), bath, 8 large bedrooms; winter garden, long drive; MAIN WATER; GAS; stabling, garage: charming matured grounds, RENOWNED FOR THEIR BEAUTY, and paddock of 5 ACRES.

GENTLEMAN'S PLEASURE FARM.

SUFFOLK (near Coast), 2 hours London.—**SPECIMEN ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.** Handsome Staircase, Much Old Oak. 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath; Co.'s water and gas available. **160 ACRES GOOD LAND.** 60 pasture; all in good heart. **AMPLE RANGE FARM BUILDINGS.** **FREEHOLD, £2,880.**

A TON of COAL for 2/6

Wonderful Scientific Discovery which enables Everyone to Save Large Sums in Weekly Housekeeping.

Remarkable Offer to Enable Every Household to Test the Splendid Economic Advantages of "Seldonite," which at a cost of 2/6 only makes One Ton of Coal go as far as two.

The introduction of the wonderful chemical compound "Seldonite" which doubles the "life" of coal, or, in other words, cuts in half the coal bill, is resulting in something like a sensation.

At this time, when every penny of housekeeping counts, "Seldonite" proves a veritable blessing, for warmth is almost as important as food.

£10 SAVED DURING COAL FIRE SEASON.

Ladies are now finding that they are able to have in kitchen or drawing-room the brightest, cosiest, and hottest fires they wish, and yet make one scuttleful of coal treated with "Seldonite" go as far as two ordinary ones.

A saving such as this is, of course, greatly appreciated, all the more so because servants are pleased when "Seldonite" is used, for fires burn clearer, need less attention, and there is practically no waste, dust, or soot.

No matter how small or large your coal bill, you can effect a wonderful saving by using "Seldonite," and if you use, say, one ton of coals a month, you can save at least £10 during the coal fire season.

In order to give the public a most advantageous opportunity of testing "Seldonite" in their own homes, the proprietors have decided for a short while to send post free the full-size 4s. box—sufficient to treat one ton of Coal, Coke, Anthracite, or Slack—with full directions, to all readers for only 2s. 6d. Orders and remittances, however, must be sent within the next few days. Five boxes will be forwarded (whilst this offer lasts) for only 10s., or eleven boxes for 20s.

A MOST REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

Already "Seldonite" has found thousands of users who appreciate its cleanly and splendidly economical advantages, and testify to their appreciation by constant repeat orders.

Among the many distinguished users of "Seldonite" are:

The Viscount Elibank
writes—"I like 'Seldonite' as much as ever, and enclose cheque for a further supply. You can certainly make use of anything I have said in favour of 'Seldonite,' as I wish you every success."

The Viscountess Templetown,
who writes: "I have found 'Seldonite' most satisfactory and will order more when required."

The Lady Swansea,
who writes—"Please send me five more boxes of 'Seldonite.' I was perfectly satisfied with the first trial box and think it excellent."

Lucy, Countess of Egmont,
who writes—"I am quite satisfied with the 'Seldonite.' Please send me a further supply."

Lady Richardson,
who writes—"I find 'Seldonite' very satisfactory in making a very bright and extra warm fire. It is also much cleaner than ordinary coal."

Lady Frankland,
who writes—"I have much pleasure in stating that I have found 'Seldonite' most satisfactory. It certainly makes the coal last much longer."

Priscilla Lady Newnes,
who writes—"I find 'Seldonite' most useful. It causes the fire to burn very brightly, and to send out much more heat than usual."

The Dowager Lady Pollen,
who writes—"By all means use my name as a satisfied user of 'Seldonite.' I am much pleased with it."

The Hon. Mrs George Keppel,
who writes—"I have found 'Seldonite' a great saving of trouble. It gives more heat and the coal lasts much longer."

Louisa, Lady Walker,
who writes—"I shall be much obliged if you will send me eleven more boxes of 'Seldonite,' as I and all my family use it and find it quite excellent. The fires are bright, and the consumption of coal considerably less."

Lady Mary Cayley,
who writes—"Having found 'Seldonite' very satisfactory in its results, I enclose remittance for a further supply to be sent by return."

"Seldonite" is easily used, and is alike suitable for factory, hospitals, schools, clubs, kitchen, greenhouse, drawing-room, or dainty flat. It does not smell; there are no fumes. It is perfectly healthy. Indeed, no one knows that it is in use, except that the fire burns consistently, warmly, cosily, and brightly without any attention.

To take advantage of the special offer made above, readers should send remittances of 2s. 6d. for the full size 4s. box (sufficient for one ton of Coal, Coke, Anthracite or Slack), 10s. for five boxes, or 20s. for eleven boxes, addressing their letters to

SELDONITE LABORATORIES, Ltd.,
635, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

"Seldonite" can also be obtained from Harrods, The Army and Navy, Junior Army and Navy, and Civil Service Stores, John Barker, Ltd., Spiers and Pond's, John Barnes, Ltd., &c., &c.

"THE GRAPHIC"

Special Supplement:

The Serbian Retreat

Sketched and Described by

WILLIAM SMITH.

Secretary of the 1st Serbian Unit of the Scottish Women's Hospital.

Sixpence Weekly.

Office:
TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.
Paris Office: 35, Rue Lafayette.

Blick TYPEWRITERS

The machine with the 20 years reputation. You can learn to operate the Blick in half-an-hour. Write for List 141A and free home trial. Roman, italic, and script type, Greek, Hebrew, and Oriental characters can all be used on the same machine, changing instantly from one to the other. The Blick is compact, strong, durable, and extremely portable—weight 5 lbs.

THE BLICK CO. LTD., 9 & 10, Cheapside, London, E.C.

SESSEL PEARLS

SESSEL PEARLS are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of Genuine Oriental Pearls.

Beautiful Necklet of SESSEL PEARLS in fitted case with 18ct. Gold Clasp,
£4 4 0
Real Diamond Clasps, with Sessel Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby Centre, from
£2 2 0
SESSEL PEARL Earrings, Studs, Scarf Pins, Rings, with Solid Gold Mountings, from
£1 10 0

BROCHURE No. 4 ON REQUEST, POST FREE.

Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, etc. taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL (*Bourne Ltd.*), 14 & 14a New Bond St., London, W.
(Directly opposite Asprey's)

Coming events cast their shadows before them . .

THE shadow of the new term grows apace as the holiday draws to a close. The replenishing of the school outfit discussed casually at first, is now a topic of vital importance. Catalogues are being written for—plans proposed and opposed — there is evidence on all sides of much "liveliness" in the family circle.

. . . Footwear is sure to require attention. For those who cannot visit London the catalogue of Nealson school boots solves the problem of postal shopping. Whether you live at Land's End or John o'Groats it enables you to give your children Nealsons and—foothappiness. May we send you a copy?

No. J884. The sandalshape school boot in blacking leather, for boys with very wide feet. The lining is a specially woven material which is very durable. Soles of "Diver" leather which gives double life and is absolutely waterproof. This is one of the most popular models for school wear. Stocked also in brown calf—No. J. 885.

Sizes	11	11½—13	13½—2	2½—4	4½	5—6
Prices	11/3	12/3	13/3	14/3	15/3	15/9

A sample of any Nealson model will be gladly sent for fitting and inspection on receipt of 4d. for postage.

No. J884

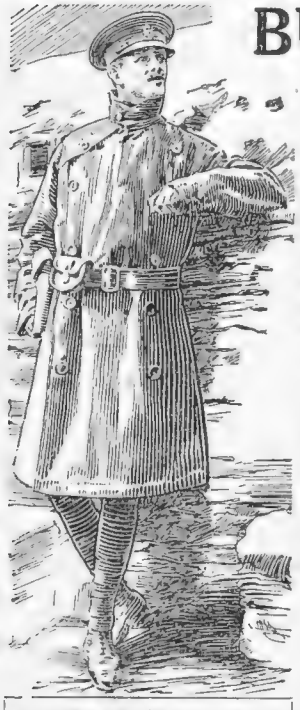
Daniel Neal
& SONS LIMITED

Dept. 18—126 Kensington High St W.

Fitting Rooms also at 124, Kensington High Street, W. 68-70, Edgware Road, W., and 123 High Street, Putney, S.W.

Bolton Agent: C. H. Beswick, 3, Churchgate.

TRENCH-WARM BURBERRY



In ONE Coat
TRENCH-WARM
WEATHERPROOF
SHORT-WARM

Can be worn together or separately.

Keeps out any rain that a macintosh or oilskin keeps out, and is far more comfortable than either.

Neither heat, cold, nor hard wear deteriorates proofness, or renders it less efficient.

Excludes biting wind and counteracts low temperature, yet never overheats the body.

A distinguished coat, and at the same time a veritable shield for a soldier on duty.

BURBERRYS' WINTER WAR KIT

The Burberry, Uniforms, Tielocken Coats, Great Coats, Warms, Caps,, Shirts, and every detail of equipment.

READY FOR USE, or completed to measure in from 2 to 4 days.

ILLUSTRATED MILITARY CATALOGUE POST FREE.

BURBERRYS' HALF-PRICE SALE. — During January many 1915 Burberry Topcoats, Suits and Gowns will be disposed of at One Half the Usual Prices. List of bargains on request.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON
8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; and Provincial Agencies

NEW YEAR GIFTS.

"THE GRAPHIC" JIG-SAW PUZZLES.

Write for New Catalogue.

80	pieces, average size	9 by 6	... ...	1/4
100	,, ,, ,,	11 by 7	... ...	1/3
125	,, ,, ,,	13 by 9	... ...	2/3
250	,, ,, ,,	20 by 12	... ...	4/6
300	,, ,, ,,	20 by 15	... ...	6/6
400	,, ,, ,,	22 by 16	... ...	8/6
500	,, ,, ,,	24 by 16	... ...	10/6

Post Free in the United Kingdom.

FASCINATING AND EDUCATIONAL.

A splendid selection of artistic pictures are used, and are all cut by experts. When ordering please say if for child or adult.

THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, Strand, W.C.

Paris Office: 35, Rue Lafayette.

Harvey Nichols Sale

Now Proceeding

A Few Examples:

FUR COATS A few shapes in seal dyed Musquash Coats, made from solid skins. Various lengths and styles. Usual prices 29 gns., 35 gns., & 45 gns. SALE PRICES **15 gs. 18 gs. 20 gs.**

MILLINERY 500 beautiful quality English and French Velour Hats, trimmed with ribbon. Usual prices 25/9 to 45/9. SALE PRICE **20/-**

COATEES In Black Ninon Trimmed Lace Collar, Edged Narrow Fur. Outsizes 2/- extra. Usual Price 31/9. SALE PRICE **27/6**

CHIFFON 6 Pieces Silver Beaded and Sequin Net on white ground. Usual prices 8/6 to 15/9. SALE PRICE **2/11 to 4/11**

SATIN 280 yds. Satin Regina. A splendid wearing quality in Black only 40 inches wide. Usual price 5/11. SALE PRICE per yd. **3/11½**

BLOUSES All Sports Shirts in Jap, Delaine, and Spunella, will be offered at Special Reductions.

LADIES' HOSE Fine Cashmere Hose in all shades. SALE PRICE **3/3** Also in Heather Mixtures at 3/9

CORSETS A Special Model Corset, high at back and low bust, made in durable Coutil. Usual price 10/9. SALE PRICE **8/11**

REST GOWNS Maternity and Rest Gowns in Wool Back Satin and Velveteen. Usual prices 49/6 to 5 gns. SALE PRICE **25/9 to 59/6**

CARPETS An enormous Stock greatly reduced, comprising: Axminster, Wilton and Brussels Carpets, in some cases with Border and Stair Carpets in various widths to match.

LINEN DEPT. Special offer of Cotton Sheets and Damask Table Cloths and Napkins. Also a large range of Kitchen and Pantry Cloths. Standard Makes at Sale Prices.

NO GOODS SPECIALLY PURCHASED

REMNANTS every Thursday and last 3 days of Sale

Write for the Sale Catalogue

Harvey Nichols & Co Ltd. Knightsbridge LONDON. S.W.

Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES

15-ct. GOLD AND ENAMEL, **all £2 2 0 each.**

The Royal Army Medical Corps.

The Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

The Royal Artillery.

Illustrated Catalogue of Badge Brooches sent free on request.

The Yorkshire Light Infantry.

The King's Own.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches. Money returned in full if not approved.

Badge of every regiment in stock. Can be supplied by return.

The Royal Navy. (Gold or Silver Anchor.)

BADGE OF ANY REGIMENT SUPPLIED AT **£2 2 0** each.

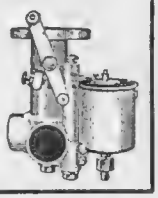
The York and Lancaster Regiment. The Army Service Corps.

Special Designs and Estimates submitted for Regimental Badge Brooches, set with Diamonds and other Gems, from **£6 6 0** to **£25 0 0**

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

ZENITH CARBURETTERS

Save the Petrol Tax.



Booklet No. 10 gives evidence of what the Zenith has done for other motorists, with almost every known make of engine.

Post Free From **ZENITH CARBURETTER Co., Ltd., 40-42, Newman St., London, W.** *Telephones: Regent 4812-4813.*

LADIES LEARN TO DRIVE

1. The Courses embrace just WHAT LADIES NEED TO LEARN.
2. The FEES ARE the LOWEST in London.
3. You continue to learn WITHOUT ANY EXTRA CHARGE until you are proficient and satisfied.
4. The largest Motor Instruction Works in the World, and situate in the heart of London.
5. Training for ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB CERTIFICATES our speciality.
6. Licensed Employment Bureau FREE for all PUPILS who require same.

at the British School of Motoring Limited

Call or Write B.S.M., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

Fashions' Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE clearance storm will have burst in full fury when this issue appears, and my brain reels before the avalanche of catalogues flung at me from all sides. They make wonderful reading, do these brochures, and in many instances represent a colossal amount of work and discriminative judgment.

The Demi-Toilette at Its Daintiest

At the Regent Street house of Peter Robinson the *demi-toilette*, surely at its most seductive this year, is made a leading line. The "Helène," a notable example of elegance, only 79*s.* 6*d.*, is composed of black chiffon velveteen, the full skirt having its line continued above the waist in a little pinafore corsage, supplemented by a draped under-bodice and sleeves of net, a touch of silver crystal lace glinting from beneath. "Germaine," another similar persuasion, is carried out in *crêpe de Chine* over ivory shadow lace, finished with crystal at the waist.

Quality of an exceptional order, and prices lower than ever, are the distinguishing features of the mantle offers. Anyone with a sale purchase in view of a natural musquash coat should make a bee line for the fur department, for there are only a limited number of these wraps. Values, again, in young ladies' coats and costumes exact serious attention, the sale intention being to clear these out regardless of original cost. And they are all goods of the season. Other items of equal allure include trimmed millinery, gloves, hosiery, and ladies' outfitting.

Household Linen and Napery

At their new Linen Hall in Regent Street Robinson and Cleaver will, as is customary throughout January, dispose of all existing stocks at greatly reduced figures. A catalogue issued in connection with the affair, liberally illustrated, will prove far more illuminative than pages of description, but special attention may be drawn to some bedspreads of hand-embroidered and drawn threadwork; also in all lace and in linen and lace combination. A range of heavy Irish linen embroidered commences at 19*s.* 6*d.*, and some perfectly exquisite linen and lace bedspreads at 39*s.* 6*d.* Dainty afternoon teacloths provide a further attractive item, 3*s.* 6*d.* only being asked for a cloth, 36in. by 36in., hemstitched and ornamented with fancy drawn-thread work; while in lace, net, and muslin curtains, a very special offer comprises some 280 odd curtains and *stores*. These are made of linen lace, several on linen *filet* net, while all will be cleared at the one price of 15*s.* Throughout the month, every Wednesday, remnants will be sold at half their marked price.

EVENING GOWN OF POMPADOUR TAFFETA

The panniers dissolving into a slight train. A petticoat of ninon shows at the front of the skirt. Sketched by Dorothy Millar

Supreme Value in Models

This statement will be found fulfilled at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge. Doubtless many will recall the dress display given here at the opening of the winter season, and those who do, scarcely need to be reminded of the unique taste and style of these models, culled from the most exclusive Parisian sources; while side by side with these confections, and quite as desirable in their way, are Harvey Nichols' own excellent models, designed to meet the needs of all occasions. The "Elaine" is a typical example of what is obtainable at 79*s.* 6*d.* This is a soft silk poplin gown finished with skunk collarette, and having touches of patent leather introduced in the deep *ceinture*, and offered in a range of

(*Continued on page* x)

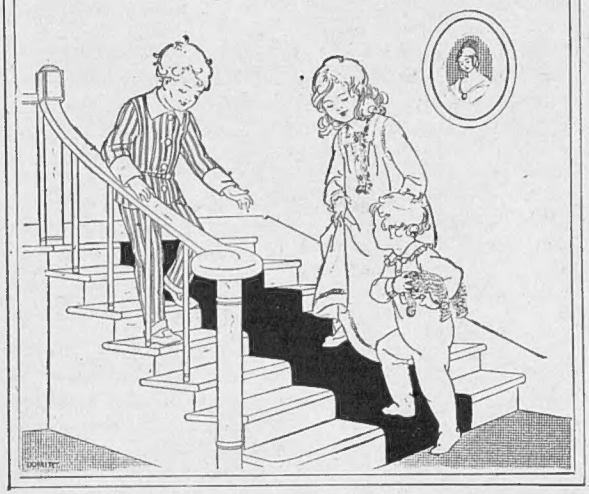
Makers of Children's garments to H.M. The Queen.

ROWE

106 New Bond St. London W.

WINTER SALE

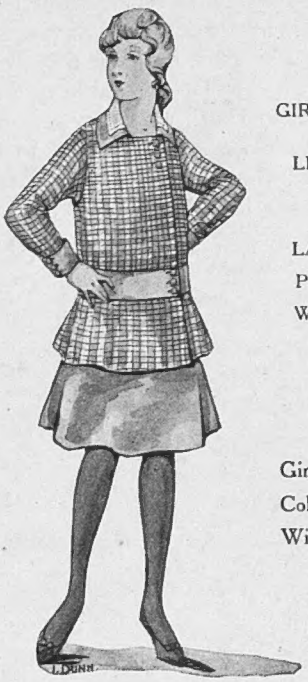
The policy of this House is to dispose of all accumulated oddments *in the Season* for which those garments were especially made, and at such price reductions as ensure our stock being always absolutely fresh and new. No goods are ever purchased for "Sale" purposes. School kits for Boys or Girls can now be replenished at a considerable saving, quality being maintained inflexibly, price alone being altered.



ELIZABETH Ltd.,

45, South Molton Street, W.

SALE THROUGHOUT JANUARY.



Specialities:

GIRLS' SCHOOL OUTFITS.

LITTLE BOYS' FIRST SUITS.

LADIES' SIMPLE AND PRACTICAL FROCKS, WORKING OVERALLS AND APRONS.

Girl's Spring Dress, Tan Coloured Check Jumper. With Skirt and Facings of Tan Serge.

From 3½ Guineas.

GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL ON RECEIPT OF TRADE REFERENCE.

A Soldier writes:—

"*During duty on the cold nights a cup of Milkmaid Café au Lait is worth a small fortune.*"

Once you've tried *Milkmaid* Café au Lait, you won't want to go back to ordinary coffee. It is a most delicious, invigorating, sustaining and, moreover, *economical* beverage — simply the finest coffee made *with* milk as it *should* be, and sugar added — only boiling water needed. Just try a tin and send a few to friends at the Front.

MILKMAID Café au Lait

KAFFAY-O-LAY

Leaves no 'grounds' for complaint.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores. Cash price 6d. and 11½d. per tin.

NESTLÉS, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

This Model reduced to £4 4 0 during Sale.

SALE

OF

DISTINCTIVE COSTUMES

FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY COMMENCING

MONDAY, JANUARY 3rd,

when all Costumes, Blouses and Furs will be sold at greatly reduced prices.

During the sale, costumes will be made to order from

4 Gns.

Patterns, self-measurement forms, and life-like sketches, will be sent free on application.

MOURICE

141, New Bond St., W.

Telephone: Mayfair 6804.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page viii)

modish colourings, which include wine, amethyst, and a charming grey.

A similar condition of affairs prevails in the mantle *salons*, models in perfectly fresh and good condition being offered at a third and less the initial cost price. As the styles are of a particularly advanced character these wraps, especially those for evening wear, represent a very safe investment for future, if not required for immediate, wear. The smart overcoat that everyone is wearing just now finds original expression in a plain or fancy velour cloth, with cosy fur collar, a model originally 9½ guineas, now reduced to 80*s*. But wherever the eye turns in any one of the numerous *salons* it is to meet the like liberal reductions; Messrs. Harvey Nichols are arranging remnant days on the 6th, 13th, 20th, and the last three days of the sale.

A Great One Week Sale

Harrods, of course. Here the big money-saving opportunity starts on January 10, and ends on the 15th.

Dress and fashion is fully represented in gowns for all occasions, tailored suits, wrap coats, evening *manteaux*, etc. Exceptional bargains are proclaimed in fur-lined coats, the linings of musquash, squirrel lock, and Kalonga, these handsome serviceable wraps perfectly tailored and turned-out, ranging from 3 guineas.

Foreseeing the decline in stock of French velours, Gab cloths, velvets, etc., Harrods made substantial purchases of these goods in Paris and Lyons early in the season, and are offering at extraordinary prices coats and skirts fashioned of them during the week. Blouses and millinery are two vitally important matters here, and, of course, Harrods' *lingerie* bargains are far too well famed to need eulogising at this date. Boots and shoes provide another alluring feature, and so do linens and damask, blankets, eiderdown quilts and towels. An exhaustive choice in furniture bargains includes 2,200 easy chairs and settees. Harrods have issued their customary very replete catalogue, which can be had for the asking, and, as usual, the great remnant day falls on Friday, the 14th.

Irish Table and Bed Linens

No housewife who knows anything about the matter ever misses a visit to the half-yearly clearances at Walpole's, 88-89, New Bond Street, W. The one which has just commenced promises to hold all the usual attractions of high-class goods selling at prices much below the prevailing market value. Extraordinary bargains obtain in tablecloths, various qualities of Walpole's standard makes, slightly damaged in the weaving, being marked half the usual prices, while special attention is called to pages 8, 9, 10, and 11 of the sale catalogue, which deal with the "A" quality tablecloths and napkins. To be cleared at fully 20 per cent. under market value are about 100 pairs of hemstitched cotton sheets washed ready for use, and 200 pairs of blankets slightly damaged, but neatly repaired, and quite equal in wear to perfect goods. Curtains there are galore, likewise curtain muslins, nets, etc., all substantially reduced for the sale. Blouses and ladies' *lingerie*, again, include many tempting offers, also dressing and rest-gowns, many of the latter being cosily effected in velveteen. Walpole's continue this clearance throughout the month of January.

TWO NEW COIFFURES

The first showing the revival of the large tortoiseshell comb, and the second the decided Pompadour feeling. Sketched by Dorothy Millar

Burberry War Bargains

In spite of their obession by naval and military orders, into which highly specialised branch of outfitting Burberrys have thrown themselves with characteristic energy, the preparations for their 1916 sale, which opened on January 1, are more complete and exhaustive even than last year's. A larger number than ever of the choicest and most luxurious Burberry models have been relegated to the sale, and marked at half-price, as well as an immense assortment of men's suits for all purposes. In addition, the large accumulation of distinctive cloths, woven and proofed by Burberrys' special processes, and covering every description of texture, weight, colouring, and pattern, have been lavishly appropriated to the making up of garments, which will be sold at such reduced prices as bring them easily within the reach of everyone. An illustrated catalogue of the sale, including both men's and women's dress, will be forwarded, free, on receipt of a postcard by Burberrys, Haymarket, London, S.W.

A 200th Anniversary

Just before Christmas, at the Liverpool Street Hotel, the employees of Messrs. Allen and Hanbury's, Ltd., presented his portrait to the vice-chairman, Mr. Frederick Janson Hanbury, and a case of plate to his co-director, Mr. W. Ralph Dodd, with illuminated addresses. The presentation was made on behalf of the members by Mr F. W. Gamble, who said that it celebrated the 200th anniversary of a firm which had been established on the site of its present offices in Plough Court, Lombard Street, in 1715. In acknowledging the presentation of his portrait, Mr. F. J. Hanbury said that his memories of the firm dated back over forty years. He had seen the demolition of the original building, erected after the Great Fire, in which Alexander Pope was born, and Brougham, Wilberforce, and Clarkson had held their first anti-slavery meetings. It was hard to believe that the same single site had once sufficed for the whole premises of a concern whose works, branches, and subsidiary companies were now scattered over the entire world. They had to meet a difficult future, but could face it with confidence

"One Policy, One Premium"

What might, without exaggeration, be described as the last word in insurance policies is the "All In" policy issued by the British Dominions General Insurance Company. As its name implies, it covers practically all risks to which the householder is liable, and entirely does away with the inconvenience of making several payments in the course of each year in respect of several policies on different dates. The whole scheme is, in fact, summed up in the words, "One policy, one premium," and the premium, by the way, is only 5*s*. per cent. Full particulars of the risks covered and all necessary information will be furnished on application to the Company at 9 and 10, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C.

Flat Case for 30 Cigarettes

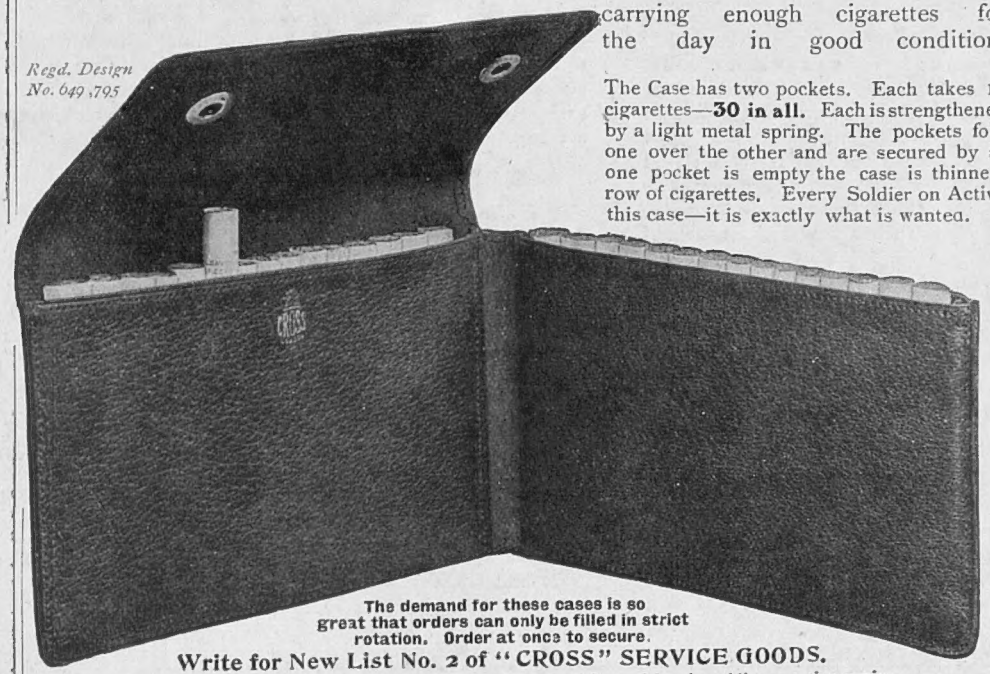
THIS IS THE OFFICERS' CIGARETTE CASE

THE "CROSS" SERVICE CASE is a neat, strong, thin magazine to hold a full day's average supply of cigarettes. It is entirely new and no other suits the soldier's needs so well. Hitherto soldiers have found a difficulty in carrying enough cigarettes for the day in good condition.

ESTABLISHED 1845
CROSS
TRADE MARK
LONDON

Over 1,000 English Workers.

Regd. Design No. 649,795



The Case has two pockets. Each takes 15 cigarettes—**30 in all.** Each is strengthened by a light metal spring. The pockets fold one over the other and are secured by a covering flap. When one pocket is empty the case is thinner by the diameter of a row of cigarettes. Every Soldier on Active Service should have this case—it is exactly what is wanted.

OFFICERS' CASE. special superior quality in fine pigskin, lined calf skin, very light and compact.

Size, 5¾ ins. × 3¾ ins.

15/-

SOLDIERS' CASE, same design and style as above. In pigskin, lined leather.

8/6

The demand for these cases is so great that orders can only be filled in strict rotation. Order at once to secure.

Write for New List No. 2 of "CROSS" SERVICE GOODS.

In this are illustrated and described an attractive variety of articles useful to the soldier on active service.

MARK CROSS Ltd. 89 Regent St. London, W.C

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar

SOAP

is now known as the

Soldiers' Soap.

It

Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Box of Three Tablets, 1/-.

The Menu: Some Vegetarian Soups

Palestine Soup
Tomato Soup
Bretonne Soup
Macaroni Soup
Chestnut Purée

Palestine Soup

Two pounds of Jerusalem artichokes, one quart of milk, one onion stuck with six cloves, 1 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, white pepper and salt. Peel the artichokes, boil in salted water till tender, pulp through a hair sieve Boil the onion, cloves, and pepper in the milk. When well flavoured, strain it. Melt the butter in a stewpan, stir in the flour, then gradually the milk and artichoke pulp, boil it up, stirring well all the time. Add more milk if the soup is too thick.

Tomato Soup

One pound of tomatoes, 1 oz. of butter, one teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda, one dessertspoonful of flour, 1 oz. of Edwards' white desiccated soup, one pint of milk, a little cayenne pepper, salt, white sugar. Method: Boil the tomatoes till tender, pulp them through a sieve, add to them the bi-carbonate of soda. Mix the desiccated soup with a little cold water, leave it to soak a quarter of an hour; add to it a pint of boiling milk, boil quarter of an hour, stir well. Melt the butter in a stewpan, when it boils stir in the flour, add the soup, milk and seasoning, and when boiling add the tomato purée, heat again thoroughly, but do not allow the soup to boil.

Bretonne Soup

Two Spanish onions, 3 oz. of melted butter, 1 oz. of oatmeal, 3 oz. of haricot beans (previously soaked), six pints of water, half a gill of milk. Method: Peel and chop the onions finely, put them in a stewpan containing the butter, and fry the onions to a light brown colour. Stir in the oatmeal and haricot beans, mix well, and add the water. Boil up, skim, and cook for about three-quarters of an hour, stirring frequently. Pass the soup through a sieve, return to the stewpan, and beat up again; add salt and pepper to season; also the milk a few minutes before serving. Serve with fried sippets.

Macaroni Soup

Two ounces of macaroni, one pint and a quarter of milk, ½ oz. of breadcrumbs, one onion, and one pint of water. Method: Put the milk and water on to boil, add salt to taste. Directly the milk and water reaches boiling-point throw in the onion and macaroni. Simmer for half an hour, and then add the breadcrumbs and cook for a quarter of an hour longer; pass all through a wire sieve, return to the pan, add chopped parsley to flavour, and salt and pepper. Serve very hot and hand grated Parmesan cheese.

Chestnut Purée

Boil 12 oz. of chestnuts until all the skin can be removed, pass them through a sieve. Put into a pan with one onion, a stick of celery, a sprig of parsley, and one and a half pints of water. Simmer for an hour and a half, then add three-quarters of a pint of milk, some parsley finely chopped, pepper and salt. Put through a sieve. Make very hot and serve.

EMILIA

WHERE TO WINTER

MONTE CARLO

1915-1916

CASINO OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Afternoon and Evening Concerts, with Select Orchestras of over a Hundred Performers, under the direction of M. M. JEHIN, GANNE, and LAUWERYNS.

Special Opera Season, organised by M. GUNSBOURG, in February, March and April.

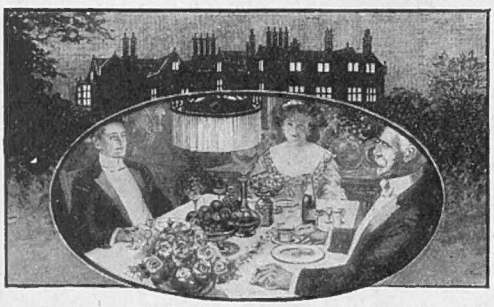
Important Ballets, supported by the leading Artistes from La Scala at Milan, and from the Russian Imperial Academies.

INTERNATIONAL RACE MEETINGS, TENNIS, GOLF, ALPINE EXCURSIONS. VARIED AND CONTINUOUS ATTRACTIONS AND AMUSEMENTS.

RENOWNED THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT.

Every information from the "International Riviera Agency," 71, Regent Street, W.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY (Gas at 1/4 per 1,000)



In LIGHTING and COOKING

With a self-contained gas generator.

Our Patent **Duplex** Carburettor gives wonderful results and works on **Ordinary Petrol.** Hundreds of Testimonials. Many adaptations of other makes to our perfect system, showing a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent.

A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.

Silent Burners and Automatic Switches render the system perfect.

Write for booklet and particulars.

THE PIONEERS OF PETROL GAS LIGHTING

Thirty Years' Experience also in high-class **Electrical Installations.**

COLONIAL AGENTS { MOFFAT-VIRTUE, Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W. / ANDERSONS, Ltd., Christchurch, N.Z. / MARRS & Cia, Buenos Ayres. / R. J. WATSON & CO., Santa Cruz. / SPENCE, Ltd., Calcutta.

SPENSERS Ld. { LONDON: 53b, South Molton St. / EDINBURGH: 119, George St.